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Jeffrey Hart on
ACADEMIC LYING
—Page 45

NATIONAL REVIEW

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E BLACK VOTER IN AMERICA

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BY HENRY KLINGEMAN

ALSO: TOM BETHELL ON MYSTERIES OF THE EAST
DAVID BRUDNOY ON MADNESS IN MASSACHUSETTS
ANTHONY LEJEUNE ON DISARMING BRITAIN

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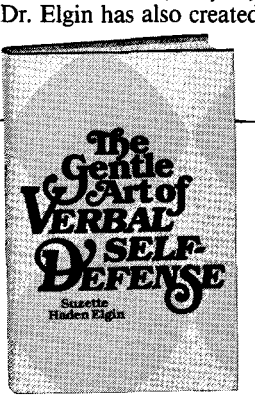
Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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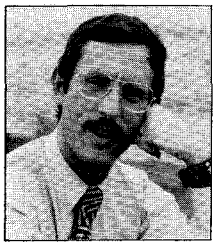
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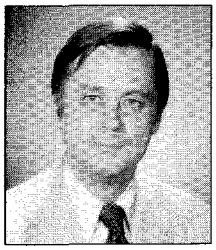
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BLACKS AND THE GOP

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Republican strategists anguish over ways to attract more black voters without adopting the liberal agenda. But what stands between blacks and the GOP is not issues, but an enduring political truth: Blacks, like other voters, vote for candidates who seem to care about their welfare. *Henry Klingeman*

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Cover design by John C. Donnelly

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1986. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

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LETTERS

The Consumer Is King

It's ironic that David Brooks's excellent summary of supply-side economics ["Supply-Side Squabbles," Oct. 24] should end by lamenting that (quoting Jude Wanniski) supply-siders are now being unjustly thought of as "conventional"; or (quoting Alan Reynolds) that their "ideas get assimilated . . . and people forget where they came from." Ironic, because the same thing has been happening to the Austrian school of economists since before most supply-siders were born. (My favorite is Oskar Lange's proposing that a statue of Mises be built in the Socialist Hall of Fame—on account of Mises's pointing out to the central planners that they had to come up with a surrogate for the market's price system.) In fact it's still happening to the Austrians, because the double irony is that supply-side itself is not a system, just another bastardization of Austrian principles.

Conservatives seeking coherence and consistency in economic theory might take note of how modern-day followers of Mises, especially NYU professor Israel Kirzner, clarify and correct the supply-side formulations. As just one example, Kirzner pointed out in his review of Gilder's *Spirit of Enterprise* (*Reason* magazine, April 1985) that Gilder sees only half the picture when focusing solely on the creative entrepreneurs of the supply side: ". . . the driving motivations of all suppliers, including the entrepreneurial drive that motivates them all, are directed toward the anticipation of what will please the sovereign consumer—once he is shown what has been made available. It is because of this that market dynamics are propelled, ultimately, by the consumer, whose own sense of well-being must be, in the last analysis, the decisive measure of economic success."

Phil McCracken
Los Angeles, Calif.

The John Gotti Ideal

George Gilder's article, "The Sexual Revolution at Home" [Oct. 10], was an adolescent view of *adult* relationships. The vast ignorance of intellectuals like Mr. Gilder leads to conclusions that: 1) equate day-care centers with prisons, reformatories, foster homes, mental institutions, and welfare rolls; 2) assume that women are *never* alcoholic, irresponsible, uneducated, mentally unbalanced, or egotistical; 3) degrade men to base victims of animal desires; 4) relate the findings of research conducted twenty years ago to present social situations; 5) use the Mafia as an ideal for sex roles and morality.

Kathleen Stenbeck
New York, N.Y.

Under Their Thumb

Your October 10 issue had two articles of significance to the Men's Rights Association: George Gilder's on "The Sexual Revolution at Home" and Maggie Gallagher's on runaway children. Both were excellent, but both failed to address an important factor in family disintegration, the subordination of fathers. Mothers, judges, social workers, mod psychologists, you name it—all outrank fathers in family influence.

As both these writers well know, children of divorce are far more subject to delinquency and wanderlust than children in complete families. And with whom are 95 per cent of children of divorce placed? Mothers. Why this prejudice? Because people like Gilder pontificate about "the moral superiority of women." Such naïveté evidences a very sheltered life. As long as paternal influences are withheld by divorce courts, we will be condemned to more of the same.

Richard F. Doyle
Men's Rights Association
Forest Lake, Minn.

The Right Stuff

Many thanks to George Gilder for his important insight. Gilder's argument that the delicate fabric of human society depends upon the sexes' performing crucial and *distinct* roles reinforces an instinct I have long possessed: It is simply *right* that I be at home.

Jayne Neal
Albuquerque, N.M.

God and Free Speech at Yale

Overall, I am in agreement with Margaret Anne Gallagher in "A Tyranny of Pity" [Sept. 26], about the double standard in our nation's colleges regarding application and suspension of the First Amendment. In the case of Yale Divinity School, however, the issue was not so much the subject being expressed but the *manner* of its expression.

The details of the incident in the re-

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fectory, as described in the article, do indeed suggest that the harassment was simply the product of an excessively paranoid young lady's imagination. By the accounts of the story as told to me by fellow students who were in the dining hall at the time, Miss Gallagher left out some important details which give reason to believe that the line separating the right of free speech and the right to security in one's person was breached. After all, if a group of men (regardless of their attire) stood around my table at dinner pointing at me and chanting, "He's the one," I too would be driven to tears and file a complaint of harassment. This version was not told to me by a raving liberal; rather by one whom I would call a fellow conservative. Miss Doran was not the only one who felt threatened that night.

Now, I agree that the student who first posted the anti-lesbian poster on the door of his dorm room was acting within the bounds of the First Amendment. Moreover, I resent the fact that I have to be on my guard at all times as to my opinions concerning the gay-lesbian-straight coalition. But the harassment that occurred in the refectory was in accordance with neither the First Amendment nor the teachings of Our Lord to love one another. The cruel expression of one's political and/or religious beliefs is contrary to the good of society as a whole, as well as the microcosm that is a seminary.

J. Warren Smith
Yale Divinity School
New Haven, Conn.

Miss Gallagher Replies

My, my, the tales grow taller over the summer. Mr. Smith admits he's only acquainted with campus scuttlebutt. I interviewed Simser and four witnesses, and heard Miss Doran's taped account. As to the Great Dining Hall Attack, Mr. Simser's and Miss Doran's versions substantially agree (in fact though not in interpretation). Simser and 14 friends ate dinner. During the course of the dinner, he was asked who had filed charges against him. He pointed Miss Doran out. His friends couldn't see. So he stood up, walked five feet away from the table, and pointed her out again. Then he got a cup of coffee and sat down. (Miss Doran says he walked "halfway across the dining hall," which would be about ten to 15 feet, but she admits he was not close enough that she could hear what he was saying.) He is also alleged, at another point in the evening, to have used a vulgar word, though not in reference to Miss Doran.

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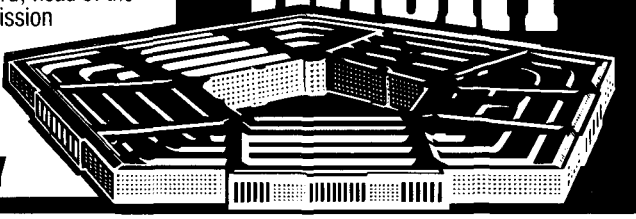

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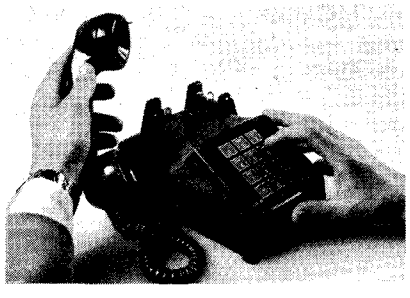

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It is hard to see how, under the circumstances, Simser could have cleared himself. Before meeting with the committee, Simser was told it was not a punitive proceeding; he was not informed of the precise nature of the charge against him; he was advised informally that bringing witnesses was not a good idea. At one point, the committee questioned Katy Doran out of Simser's hearing. He has no idea what she might have accused him of then. Mr. Smith may believe Simser was punished for misbehaving at dinner. In actuality, all we can be sure of is that because Simser posted a political statement on his door, he was brought before the sexual-harassment committee, which made secret recommendations to Dean Keck.

Someone Has a Hart

In his column "First Sightings" [Sept. 26], Jeffrey Hart asserts, "Not a single college president says that we ought to *increase* investment in South Africa." In his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on July 24, John R. Silber, president of Boston University, did just that. President Silber said, "Rather than forcing the precipitate exit of American businesses from South Africa . . . we should be encouraging them to stay and expand. A realistic policy toward American firms in South Africa would be to offer tax credits to any firm which maintains or increases its investment and observes in its South African operations the civil-rights laws of the United States. Such a program would [help] . . . allow black South Africans to enjoy . . . the freedom and dignity of a genuinely multiracial society. This measure, following the lead of the Reverend Leon Sullivan, would in effect extend the requirements of the Sullivan Principles for the U.S. companies that follow them and encourage their adoption in this extended form by those companies that have not yet done so."

Scott R. Stripling
Fort Washington, Pa.

For the Record, or Against?

In "For the Record" [Oct. 10], we read: ". . . Jeane Kirkpatrick, Assist. Secretary of Defense Richard Perle, and former NSC Advisor Robert McFarlane, who refused to attend 'town meeting' at Riga, Lithuania . . ." Perhaps because Riga is in Latvia!

Five pages further on, in the editorial "On Terrorism," we learn that French Prime Minister Jacques Chirac has been promoted to President.

Vitalijs Osins
Canton, Mass.

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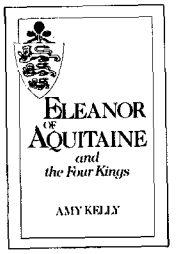

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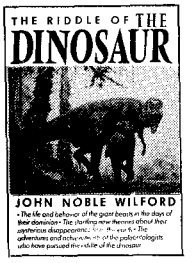

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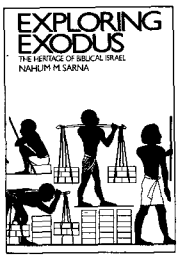

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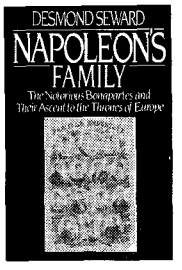

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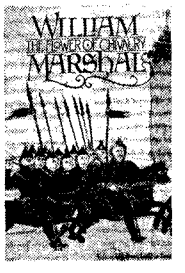

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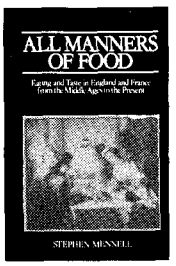

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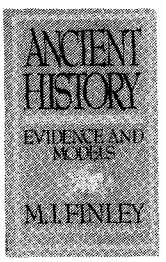

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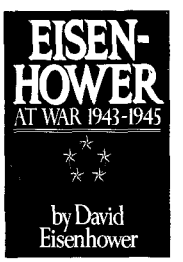

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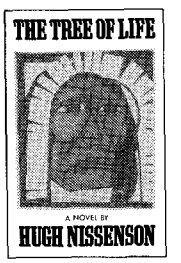

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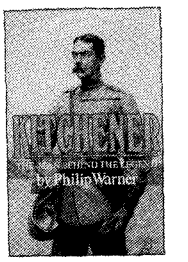

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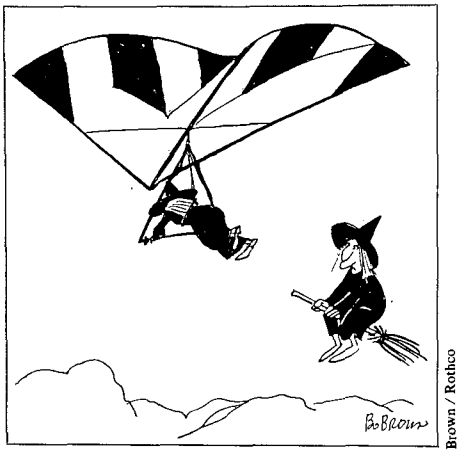
FOR THE RECORD

What's the political fallout from Reykjavik? **Robert Shrum**, former **Teddy Kennedy** aide, calls it "the first major misstep of the Administration." **Patrick Caddell**, the **Carter** White House pollster, says Iceland could eventually "mean two or three points" in six or seven crucial Senate races. Democratic pollster **Peter Hart** says, "The Republicans didn't get their ten-strike"; he feels it may "snip" **Ronald Reagan**'s coattails a bit. . . . But other Democrats are less sanguine. Political consultant **Robert D. Squier** thinks "Democrats won't touch it with a ten-foot pole. You show me a [Democratic television] spot on this and I'll show you a loser." . . . Says Republican National Committee spokesman **David Narsavage**: "We had hoped for a positive and we figured the worst we could do was a wash." Liberal Democratic Rep. **Thomas Downey** (N.Y.) was jubilant that the President returned empty-handed: "If he had come back with an agreement, they would be carving his face in Mount Rushmore." . . . Democrats not running for election were generally tougher on the President than those who are. Sen. **Albert Gore** (D., Tenn.): The Administration's performance in Iceland was "bumbling," "a fiasco." But Gov. **Bob Graham** of Florida, whose once runaway campaign to replace **Paula Hawkins** in the Senate has slowed to a crawl, supports Mr. Reagan down the line. "In matters of foreign policy, we are one nation." . . . **George Will** found Iceland "the President's finest hour." This President has been given "the high place in history that was waiting for the first President who would show that it is possible to 'just say no.' "

Will Reykjavik play big part in final fortnight's campaigning in those all-important Senate races? Probably not, except in Colorado, where Republican Rep. **Ken Kramer** has made support of the President on SDI a last-gasp campaign issue. In debate right after Reykjavik with Democratic Rep. **Tim Wirth** (who leads Kramer by four points in polls), Kramer put it this way: "Are you with the President or with **Gorbachev**?" (Wirth was "disappointed" by the outcome.) . . . That race is too close to call, as is race in Louisiana pitting Republican **Henson Moore** against **John Breaux**, winner of a bitter Democratic primary. The bad news for Moore: He won only 5 per cent of black vote in his own primary. . . . There's bad news, too, for Republicans in Nevada, where Democrat **Harry Reid** outpolls **Paul Laxalt**'s handpicked candidate, **Jim Santini**, by ten points. . . . North Carolina (Republican Sen. **James Broyhill** *v.* **Terry Sanford**) and North Dakota (Republican Sen. **Mark Andrews** *v.* **Kent Conrad**) are too close to call, with candidates within three points of each other. . . . Republican **Linda Chavez** continues to trail liberal Democratic Rep. **Barbara Mikulski** in Maryland, not helped by fact that retiring Sen. **Charles Mathias** (NR—nominally Republican) has yet to endorse her. . . . On plus side for GOP: The once threatened **Jeremiah Denton** (R., Ala.) leads liberal Democratic Rep. **Richard Shelby** by 51 to 37, according to latest **Capstone** poll; in Arizona, Rep. **John McCain III** (R.) has widened his lead over Democrat **Richard Kimball** to 51 to 23 per cent; and in Georgia, **Cooper-Secrest** poll gives Sen. **Mack Mattingly** 15-point cushion over liberal Rep. **Wyche Fowler**. . . . Fact that **John Evans** campaign in Idaho refuses to divulge results of Peter Hart poll indicates to the suspicious that it shows him trailing Republican Sen. **Steve Symms**—regarded as very vulnerable a few weeks back. . . . In California, Republican **Ed Zschau** has started to move up, but is it too late? Quip there, where senatorial campaign is by and large by TV commercial, is that "a political rally is two people gathered around a TV set." . . . Just-out **American Security Council** ratings indicate importance of many of these Senate races to President Reagan's defense program. ASC gives Ed Zschau 73, **Alan Cranston** 0 (Calif.); Ken Kramer 100, Tim Wirth 10 (Colo.); Mack Mattingly 100, Wyche Fowler 33 (Ga.); Jim Santini 89, Harry Reid 20 (Nev.); Sen. **Jim Abdnor** 90, Rep. **Tom Daschle** 0 (S.D.).



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Other races: It's table-turning time in Texas, where Gov. **Mark White** has made up an 18-point gap against former Republican Gov. **Bill Clements**; they're now neck and neck. . . . In Illinois, latest *Chicago Tribune* figures show **Adlai III** moving up; he trails Republican Gov. **James Thompson** by just 13 points, a rather miraculous performance, finds Illinois political analyst **Paul Green**, who says "no entity has taken more direct hits since the German World War II battleship *Bismarck* was sunk." . . . The nuclear-power issue spilling over from Massachusetts (where it is helping Gov. **Michael Dukakis**, who needs little help) is hurting campaign of GOP Gov. **John Sununu** of New Hampshire, a backer of the Seabrook nuclear plant. Latest **Mervin Field** poll indicates 55 per cent of Californians favor replacing the state's ultra-liberal Chief Justice **Rose Bird**; 31 per cent support her.

In New York City, metropolitan reporters get their kicks reporting things that Mayor **Koch** says he isn't. A listing of such, compiled by *New York Times*, includes among things that Koch has said he is not: an ideologue, a dope, a punching bag, a wacko, an oracle, Mr. Humble Pie.

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THE WEEK

☐ Reagan didn't sign anything, so the Summit was a "failure." And Yalta was a success.

☐ The Soviets' offer stamped a huge market value, of sorts, on the Strategic Defense Initiative. Unless American liberals know something Soviet military scientists don't, it is powerful new testimony for the viability of the Space Shield.

☐ Milwaukee's more or less Catholic Archbishop Rembert Weakland has been giving the Vatican a piece of his mind. In a pair of columns in his archdiocesan newspaper, he warned against "the fanaticism and small-mindedness that has [*sic*] characterized so many periods of the Church in its history—tendencies that lead to much cruelty, suppression of theological creativity, and lack of growth." He was alluding to the Vatican's recent disciplinary measures against Seattle Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen and the lib theologian Charles Curran. Then, in an interview with the *New York Times*, Weakland warned that the Vatican's actions are alienating ordinary Catholics and threaten to make the American church as "moribund" as the Dutch church. Well, creativity and growth are wonderful things, but they aren't to be confused with laxity and loss of *esprit de corps*—the real afflictions of the Dutch church. If some American Catholics are dispirited, it's probably because the American hierarchy, led by the Weaklands, has been giving them the impression that their church has become little more than a component of the Democratic Party.

☐ Protectionism favors a cartel of producers at the expense of all consumers. We know that. We also know that these cartels will crumble if exposed to market forces. See the current headlines concerning OPEC. So how is it that President Reagan continues to give thumbs-up to a semiconductor pact, recently signed by the U.S. and Japan, that effectively creates a "high-tech OPEC"? U.S. producers of computer chips claim that the Japanese "dump" their products on our market at "unfair" prices. The Japanese are state-subsidized, so the argument runs, and are therefore not playing by free-market rules. So until they do, we'll throw up some import quotas and save domestic jobs—while also raising the price of standard chips from $2 to $8, and the price of a standard home computer by $45. The President endorses the quotas as a means of ensuring "fair" or "perfect" competition. The reasoning is simple: throw up a quota in order to get the Japanese to drop theirs. Once they drop theirs, we'll drop ours, and we'll both start all over again, tabula rasa, with a chance to practice textbook free trade. This reasoning is also wrong. We should let the Japanese dump chips, Hondas, Walkmen, whatever. If we refrain from quotas, they will eventually drop theirs. If you remember, OPEC was rendered impotent only when our own price controls on oil were lifted. Sure, we heard about the evil windfall profits that were supposed to ensue. But they never materialized. On the contrary, the price of oil fell like a rock in water, almost down to that wholesale level where chips used to be.

☐ "We, the serious thinkers of the universal community, in order to form a more perfect union, to provide equal justice, to ensure international peace, to promote the general welfare and human rights, and to secure the blessings of the minimal economic needs of food, clothing, and shelter, do ordain, consecrate, and invite each other to establish a meaningful contemporary Constitution for the United States of America." Huh? These words were part of a come-on for an "Unconventional Constitutional Convention" held in Greenwich Village recently. The topic under discussion was whether to scrap the old Constitution and replace it with something more . . . well, *progressive*. Surprisingly, the idea was nixed by such Serious Thinkers of the Universal Community as George McGovern and Betty Friedan. They were afraid that a *real* constitutional convention would be dominated

After Iceland

He didn't turn Weinberger grey
Or throw Excalibur away,
Which triggered little yips and yells
From kids with Kemp on their lapels,
Though people tuned to Teddy's mood
Have battened down for something rude.

W. H. VON DREELE

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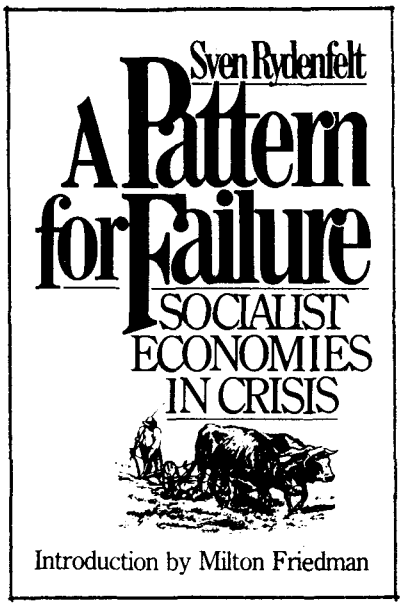

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

IN REYKJAVIK, after the grueling and ultimately maddening Sunday meetings with Gorbachev & Co., George Shultz and Donald Regan exhibited honest emotions of disappointment and anger. But on Monday morning in Washington, they took stock of the alarmist "collapse" headlines and decided that a coverup was in order. Virtually every official of note was turned loose on the Washington press corps, including the hitherto in-the-closet John Poindexter, the President's National Security Advisor. All things considered, it worked rather well: The immediate Summit damage was repaired. But Washington *cognoscenti* wonder (reasonably) whether it was not just papering over the cracks.

"From a propaganda point of view, we lost a big one," lamented a top GOP arms-control official on the Hill. "SDI has been carved out as an impediment to world peace, and the Soviets will keep it sharply in focus to the point of intolerability." That's what the White House is worried about, namely, whether the Allies, who are with the U.S. now, will be able to withstand SDI targeting by peace groups, plus the efforts of the Ed Markeys, Gary Harts, and Ted Kennedys in Congress, plus the wavering of an irresolute head of state or two. "It was a big gamble, and we lost," notes the Hill aide, "no matter how fast you talk."

Was there duplicity on the part of the Russians? First they put out word that intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF) were, in effect, decoupled from SDI; then at the end, surprisingly, they held everything hostage to SDI. Certainly that was the impression to be gained from George Shultz's and Donald Regan's Sunday reprise of what happened; but on Tuesday, at top-level briefings for *selecti quidem* of the Washington journalistic establishment, you could get neither Shultz nor Regan to even hint at Soviet fraud. The game now is, apparently, to do nothing to block the Soviets from returning to the table.

Impact on the November elections? Probably nil—that's the bipartisan consensus here. The President's popularity is so strong and his speeches on the subject so uniformly and convincingly upbeat (even at the Keflavik Air Force Base on Sunday immediately after the collapse, right after Shultz's and Regan's respective jeremiads and fulminations) that the electorate will rally round the leader who didn't blink. Mr. Reagan may even be able to pick up a point or two for his GOP senatorial brood.

The only real political negative is the loss of the political plus that would have stemmed from a Reykjavik announcement that a major Summit would follow in the U.S., that arms control was moving apace, and that the Reagan agenda of building up our defenses in order to be able to bargain from a position of power was demonstrably working. All of that was to have been played back in the November elections, the theme being, "We're on course." That strategy has obviously been muddied a bit. "They're just back to ground zero," one Democratic analyst puts it. "That all."

One winner from Reykjavik is Jack Kemp. In a city of handicappers, Congressman Kemp's presidential aspirations, it is thought, may now be solidly on track and ready to gain speed. His platform performances before and after Iceland were so surefooted, so prescient that the Kemp candidacy has taken on fresh and surprising impetus. In SDI, Kemp appears to have found a foreign-policy issue with comparable fulcrum power to supply-side economics.

On the eve of Reykjavik, Kemp gave a speech at the Heritage Foundation in which he warned Reagan about the Summit, attacked the Soviets, castigated the State Department, and spurned "the allure of détente." Kemp accused the Soviets of violating the Yalta and Helsinki agreements, strategic-arms treaties, and arms accords. "Show one instance where diplomacy has hindered the system Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn described," Kemp challenged. He accused State of dragging its feet on Angola and Afghanistan—"the State Department will not listen and will not see"—and urged the President not to give away the United States's right to deploy the Strategic Defense Initiative.

After Reykjavik, Kemp could have done an "I told you so," or he could have attacked the President for going, as some conservatives here have obtusely done. But he did neither. Rather, he congratulated the President for not letting himself be ambushed on SDI. "If the Soviets were interested in stability, they too would want the right to deploy a non-threatening defense," Kemp opined. "Instead, they are clearly more interested in denying us the right to defend ourselves." Kemp also accused the Soviets of playing politics with their outrageously stubborn behavior, calling it "an ill-disguised attempt to influence U.S. elections similar to the Soviets' attempted interference in the elections of West Germany and Great Britain in 1983." Kemp praised the President for not "accepting paper promises," warning that "we must not gamble our freedom on Soviet good faith."

Sounds like Kemp's engine is no longer stalled. —CATO

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by "conservative ideologues," "religious fundamentalists," and other Unserious Thinkers. That was close!

☐ Seymour Hersh claims in his new book that the Soviets were unable to identify KAL 007 as an airliner. Then Chernobyl blew up. Next a passenger ship sank, with heavy casualties, then a sub. The Soviets seem to be having a touch of equipment trouble.

☐ President Reagan has shown again, politics aside, what a fine man he is. In his magnanimous speech at the opening of the Jimmy Carter Library, he toasted Carter's character while never diluting their differences. He did a similar thing five years ago when he presented Ethel Kennedy with a special congressional medal for RFK that Carter had refused to issue during the bitter 1980 primaries. Ronald Reagan's gift for sentiment without sentimentality is rare in politics, and is appreciated as a part of his special makeup.

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☐ You can get away with anything, absolutely anything, as long as you spout progressive rhetoric while you do it. The latest illustration of this rule is the honorary doctorate of law—*law*—bestowed by the University of Massachusetts at Amherst on Robert Mugabe, the lawless prime minister of Zimbabwe. Moving rapidly toward a one-party state, Mugabe kidnaps, tortures, and kills political dissidents; persecutes rival tribes; maintains personal Brownshirt-style troops; has shut down the opposition press; and withal continues to denounce the tyranny of neighboring South Africa. Presenting the degree was Chancellor Joe Duffey, Jimmy Carter's chairman of the National Endowment for the, er, Humanities.

☐ It is conceivable that Vladimir Kolesnikov, the Soviet citizen who serves as a special assistant to UN Secretary General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, is not a spy. It is conceivable that, though the Soviets have claimed the right to name one of their nationals to that post since the 1960s, they have all along scrupulously avoided placing a KGB agent on the staff of the UN's highest official. What is not conceivable is that the United States could allow more than seven hundred Soviet UN employees into the country, with the expanded diplomatic immunities enjoyed by UN personnel, without compromising the national security. By all accounts, including a recent report of the Senate Intelligence Committee, that is precisely what has happened. The situation must be remedied fundamentally. If that means placing what the UN regards as unacceptable restrictions on its personnel, let it go to Geneva. In a city where a two-bedroom condo goes for $400,000, Donald Trump could turn the UN to useful purposes before you can say New World Order.

☐ It has long been an open secret that Israel is a nuclear power. The only real question has been: How much of one? Many Western military analysts have assumed that Israel had all the technology and enriched uranium in place to manufacture nuclear weapons if it chose to, but that it had not actually assembled the warheads. Now London's *Sunday Times* has claimed that Israel has already manufactured between one hundred and two hundred nuclear warheads, a report apparently based on the account of a disgruntled ex-worker in Israel's nuclear industry. Given the large amount of enriched uranium needed to make so many warheads, that figure seems doubtful. Nor do disgruntled ex-employees make the world's most reliable sources. But the claim does serve to remind Israel's Arab neighbors that there is one factor in the Middle East that they have not yet had to deal with, but which they can never discount. Which suggests that, for the sake of deterrence, Israel may have leaked the story itself.

☐ In "Message to Suharto" ("The Week," May 9) *NR* reported that the government of Indonesia, which occupies the former Portuguese colony of East Timor, has been "systematically harassing the Catholic Church" there; that "international access to East Timor is almost shut off"; and that the Indonesians are guilty of "wholesale slaughter . . . worthy of comparison with Pol Pot's bloody reign over Cambodia." In 1975, East Timor, a fragment of the dissolving Portuguese empire, declared itself an independent Communist state. The Indonesians, prompted by their own memories of an attempted Communist coup in the mid-Sixties, and by the pleas of neighboring Australia, took the Marxist mini-state over. The operation was a bloody one; fighting continues today. (Five hundred-odd leftist guerrillas remain in the field; 16 Indonesian army engineers were killed as recently as three years ago.) But the Pol Pot stuff was overdrawn. Indonesia has an excellent record of religious toleration (the general who led the Timor invasion was a Roman Catholic). The Red Cross and the State Department have free access to East Timor. Left-wing linguist Noam Chomsky has been campaigning against imagined atrocities there for years. He has recently been joined by the American Catholic Church (the current executive director of Catholic Relief Services, which used to run a program in East Timor, is Lawrence Pezzullo, former Carter ambassador to Nicaragua). *NR* erred in joining them on this issue, and regrets misleading our readers.

☐ Bishop Pablo Antonio Vega has called the Sandinista government a "dictatorship." Bishop Vega is "on leave" from his mission in Nicaragua, Comandante Ortega having expelled him as part of his campaign to separate church and state.

☐ St. John's, a lovely church in Indianapolis, is scheduling football Masses, which makes sense if you know that it is across the street from the Hoosierdome, where the Indianapolis Colts play, not that there is any point in saying the Mass for Colt victory—the Church Fathers can read the stats, after all—and the Colts will probably win some, and we wish them well, and in the meantime, services are thoughtfully scheduled for after the game.

Good-bye, I Guess

Some write a withering farewell
Which specifies who goes to hell
And who, for hurling lesser slings,
May dangle in the outer rings,
But Bernard Kalb just sounded flat,
Then faded, like the Cheshire cat.

W. H. VON DREELE

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☐ Headline in the *Times* of London: "U.S. action on Pretoria opens the door for British exports boost."

☐ Governor Mario Cuomo has just picked up important political support—Alger Hiss. Is there something about Cuomo we ought to know?

☐ John Zaccaro has been indicted, and we await Gerry's next sigh about the trials of being married to an Italian man.

☐ BEWARE OF DWARF. Steve Roth, accused in the facial slashing of model Marla Hanson, will plead not guilty by reason of insanity. His lawyer argues that Roth, who is five feet tall, suffered "traumatic effects" from being short.

☐ Run, do not walk, to your friendly appliance store. Buy five of everything you use that uses electricity. Do not dawdle. This is *urgent.* The Congress of the United States is about to regulate home appliances.

☐ The U.S. has cut off its $25-million share of the dough for the United Nations Fund for Population (read: Depopulation) Activities, because the UN group supports Red China's policy of compulsory abortion. The U.S. move has been sharply criticized by pro-choice groups, which might make a half-billion Chinese women wonder just what these people mean by "choice."

☐ Another urgent appeal. This one won't work, but we must try. Californians, go to your faucets and drink all the water you can. Keep drinking. Such worthies and experts as Victoria Principal and Moon Unit Zappa have discovered Proposition 65, "The Safe Drinking Water and Toxic Enforcement Act," and are out marching for it, i.e., putting your water into the hands of bureaucrats. It is only a matter of time before you'll have to do your laundry in Perrier.

☐ Long silent and afraid to sing in public, Barbra Streisand gave her first public concert in six years, because, she said, she was even more afraid of nuclear war. The concert attracted a "turn-away crowd" of five hundred fatcats, who forked over $2,500 apiece for the cause of peace, or at least the cause of six senatorial candidates of the anti-fatcat party, and what any of this has to do with preventing nuclear war, not even Solomon could say. But now, with fears conquered, perhaps Miss Streisand could consider doing a benefit for SDI.

☐ For natural-law fans, this headline from the *Los Angeles Times* sports section: LOCKE AND VERBUM DEI TIE, 40–40.

For Services Rendered

The African National Congress
  Is not like a chapter of CORE,
Nor is it bedazzled by Gandhi
  Or passively fighting the Boer.
It broadcasts from Addis Ababa,
  Where Lenin's the law of the land,
And where, you may bet, all the biggies
  Give Senator Lugar a hand.

W. H. VON DREELE

Icelandic Blues: Behind Us

The King with half the East at heel is marched from lands of morning;
Their fighters drink the rivers up, their shafts benight the air;
And he that stands will die for nought, and home there's no returning.
The Spartans on the sea-wet rock sat down and combed their hair.

IF OUR condition is better than that of Housman's Spartans—and it certainly is—that is in large measure due to Ronald Reagan's refusal to yield the Strategic Defense Initiative to Mikhail Gorbachev's blandishments in Reykjavik. Reagan's refusal required some Spartan-like determination of his own, and he came through. Add it to the list of occasions for which America can be grateful that Reagan sits in the White House. A crucial battle was won—narrowly; a long fight stretches ahead.

The day Reagan and Gorbachev began their Summit, there was another meeting several hundred miles south and east of Reykjavik: The U.S. Army's 38th Tactical Missile Wing in Hasselbach, West Germany, which is scheduled to deploy 96 cruise missiles at the end of next year, was surrounded by a crowd of 100,000 peaceniks—the biggest German anti-nuclear demonstration, according to its organizers, in three years. Thus Hasselbach, and not Washington or Moscow or anyplace in Iceland, may be the appropriate symbol for what happened at the Summit, and for what will follow from it. Three years ago, the streets of America and Western Europe—and the newspapers, and the air waves, and the book racks—were filled with protests. Ostensibly their goal was peace and disarmament, but the actual target was more precise—to prevent the Reagan Administration, and the other NATO governments, from placing cruise and Pershing missiles in Europe. The dynamics of the Reykjavik Summit guarantee that the next two years will be filled with more protests—political, journalis-

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tic, cultural. The target this time is SDI, and they will make the exercises of three years ago look like picnics.

The pressures on Reagan to go to Iceland were considerable. Republican control of the Senate hangs by a hair. Kevin Phillips doesn't believe that summitry will have much midterm-election impact; but he is about the only poll- and pol-watcher to think so (see John McLaughlin, "GOP Jitters," p. 22). With Congress—and Contra aid, the military budget, funding for SDI itself—at stake, the electoral benefits outweighed the negotiating risks. The larger circumstance behind the election is the attitude of the American people, for though they support realistic toughness toward the Soviet Union, and vote in record numbers for politicians, like Reagan, who promise it, at the same time they support the concept of Talks (*U.S.A. Today*, a week before the Summit, reported that 58 per cent felt it was "very important" that a full Summit meeting be scheduled). Politics and psychology both were imperative, and the President obeyed them.

When Reagan arrived in Iceland, he was confronted with some astonishing Soviet offers—so astonishing, in fact, that they were meaningless. The Soviets proposed that they and we remove all intermediate-range missiles from Europe; that we both reduce our strategic arsenals by 50 per cent; and that, by the end of the century, perhaps even earlier, we eliminate nuclear weapons altogether.

Now such offers—including even the utopian-sounding total ban—are not in themselves absurd. Fifty per cent of our existing strategic arsenals is quite enough, as we are tirelessly reminded, to destroy the civilized world many times over. But if 50 per cent is a point on a trajectory leading to 25, and thence to 10 and finally 0, then going to 50 may be worth while. The only possible way, however, of plotting a trajectory of arms-reduction proposals is to judge their context. From the context, it was plain that Gorbachev was blowing smoke. He offered no realistic means of verifying his reductions in intermediate-range missiles (since they can be hidden in garages, it is hard to think of any means, short of making Eastern Europe an open society). He offered no reduction in the Soviet conventional threat, against which a missile-less Europe could rely only on an American Big Bang. He did not explain why a strategic missile capable of wasting Pittsburgh might not be re-programmed to make a detour to Milan. All these omissions would have left Western Europe back where it was before the Pershings and cruises were proposed: effectively uncoupled from American protection, at the mercy of Soviet blackmail. Most important, for America, was Gorbachev's price: the surrender of SDI.

Reagan did not surrender. His firmness in support of a few simple truths—"simplistic," the media call them—did not desert him in what George Will correctly called his "finest hour." He came home and explained on television the need for a defensive Space Shield—and, incidentally, confounded the pre-Summit fears of many an apprehensive right-winger. But to stay fine, he will have to stay firm. And the pressure will be ferocious.

It began in the next day's headlines. REAGAN-GORBACHEV TALKS END IN STALEMATE AS U.S. REJECTS DEMAND TO CURB "STAR WARS" (*New York Times*). REAGAN-GORBACHEV SUMMIT TALKS COLLAPSE AS DEADLOCK ON SDI WIPES OUT OTHER GAINS (*Washington Post*). COLLAPSE OF THE SUMMIT OVER STAR WARS DASHES HOPES FOR ARMS CUTS (*Wall Street Journal*). "Building Star Wars is more important to this Administration than meaningful arms control," intoned Gary Hart, and shoals of Democratic *presidentabili* will echo him over the next two years. So will leftists and liberals in all the upcoming European elections—West Germany in January 1987, Britain before November 1987, France, Italy.

In one thing Reagan is mistaken. He told the Soviets in Iceland, and the American people on television, that the Space Shield program would continue at the research-and-development level for the next few years, in conformity with the ABM Treaty. But if we don't scrap the ABM Treaty—which we should, the Soviets having already violated it with their own SDI radar complex at Krasnoyarsk—we are still permitted, according to its terms, to deploy anti-missile shields at one site. In future issues, *NR* will lay out the details of what ought to be done.

Reagan, and America, have one thing going for them: the inherent attractiveness of SDI. We propose to defend ourselves against the Soviet nuclear menace, not by threatening the incineration of millions of hapless Russians, but by making a first strike futile. It is sound strategy, it is moral, it is doable. Ronald Reagan has defended SDI. Now it should be done.

Needed: Spending Cuts

IN THE LAST FEW ISSUES, NATIONAL REVIEW has touted many of the virtues of the new tax-reform law. We went so far as to title an editorial in our September 12 issue "The Tax Revolt Lives." But this editorial prompted a letter from Mr. Stephen Hogan, published in the October 10 issue, that makes a telling point. Mr. Hogan reminds us of Milton Friedman's definition of taxes: not just what the government labels as taxes, but the total amount that government spends. The reason: What government spends today must be financed by today's taxes or by new debt; and new debt must be repaid with future taxes or with inflation, which is also a tax.

During President Reagan's watch, federal spending has risen from 22.2 per cent of gross national product in 1981 to about 23.7 per cent today. Which means taxes have risen by the same amount. The solution is clear: To limit taxes in the long run, we must lim-

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it spending as a percentage of GNP. How? With a constitutional amendment.

If we have learned anything from the budget battles of the last five years, it is that our current system is unlikely to lead to substantially lower government spending. Gramm-Rudman-Hollings, although it looked promising at first, has simply been a diversion. And had it worked, it would have done so only by stripping both the Administration and Congress of their power to decide spending. A constitutional amendment would not have the same flaw. It could limit spending as a percentage of GNP while still allowing the Administration and Congress to hammer out how the money is spent.

Donegan, *Punch* / Rothco

"Let's just break a few eggs, Harry—to hell with the omelet!"

Would it work? It is working today in California. In 1978, Californians passed Proposition 13, the law that slashed property taxes; in 1979, they followed it with Proposition 4, a constitutional amendment that limits the percentage increase in taxes to the sum of percentage increases in the consumer price index and in population. This amendment, combined with the constitutional requirement to balance the budget, is de facto a constitutional limit on spending. The results? In ten years, California has dropped from sixth to 15th in per-capita spending. Has this relative decline in spending discouraged people from moving there? Exactly the opposite. Between 1978 and 1984, California's population growth was more than twice that of the nation as a whole.

Spending limitation at the federal level may not be that far away. In 1982, the Senate passed the Balanced Budget/Tax Limitation amendment by a vote of 69 to 31, two more than the two-thirds required by the Constitution. And 32 states, out of a necessary 34, have called for a balanced-budget amendment. Tip O'Neill has not dared to let the House vote on it. We have here, ladies and gentlemen, a good extra-Icelandic campaign issue.

Privateer?

DURING THE days of the Spanish Main and the gold-laden galleons, the English came up with a bright idea: the privateer. If an Englishman had distinguished himself, say, at the Battle of Zutphen, or if he had political influence, he could receive a license to operate as a pirate against all ships not under the English flag. He was not part of the Royal Navy, but he was working in parallel with it, and could do things in peacetime that were ruled out for the regular forces. Many large fortunes were made by these selective pirates at the expense of the Spanish, French, and Dutch.

To a degree, the current struggle against the Sandinistas has been privatized, with shadowy organizations using private funds to channel aid to the Contras. Eugene Hasenfus, who parachuted out of the C-123 cargo plane shot down over southern Nicaragua, may well have been a contract worker for one of these organizations—a modern privateer.

His operation does not appear to have been highly professional. Hasenfus was the only man with a parachute; the other three died in the crash. He does not speak Spanish and appears to know nothing about the terrain over which he was operating. The wrecked plane contained all sorts of personal identification, flight plans, and even business cards. It is, of course, in the Sandinistas' propaganda interest to connect the operation directly with the CIA.

The rationale for covert operations is that they provide us with a range of options between doing nothing and sending in the Marines. The problem is that covert operations sometimes fail to remain covert, handing the enemy a psychological and propaganda victory. Covert operations are particularly difficult to conceal in an open society, and the situation is aggravated by our adversary media, which create a situation very different from the one enjoyed by the OSS and MI-6 of World War II.

A major alternative to covert action either by the CIA or by private groups would be open U.S. aid to the Contras. We could close our embassy in Managua, recognize the Contras as the legitimate government, and open Democratic Nicaragua offices in this

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country. This would be a serious option. Indeed, the only serious option.

American Scholar

SECRETARY OF EDUCATION William Bennett, who is becoming an increasingly powerful presence on the American scene, recently delivered a widely reported address at Harvard. The headlines focused upon Bennett's incidental criticisms of Harvard's so-called "core curriculum," a few sentences in which Bennett stated the obvious, viz., that the "core curriculum," alleged to teach the "methods" of intellectual investigation, really consists of the usual introductory courses in the regular departments.

Bennett's speech may be of historic importance, representing a wide assessment of American higher education at the present time and calling attention to "an extraordinary gap between the rhetoric and the reality of American higher education." Then he bit the bullet:

> Our students deserve a good general education—at a minimum, a systematic familiarization with our own, Western tradition of learning: with the classical and Jewish-Christian heritage, the facts of American and European history, the political organization of Western societies, the great works of Western art and literature, the major achievements of the scientific disciplines—in short, the basic body of knowledge which universities once took it upon themselves as their obligation to transmit, under the name of a liberal education, from ages past to ages present and future. As the distinguished historian James H. Billington has remarked, American universities have as a rule given up this once central task—with the result that not only do students now tend to lack a knowledge of their own tradition, they often have no standpoint from which to appreciate any other tradition, or even to *have* a sense of tradition . . . But there is no shortage of moralizing and moral posturing—especially the kind that does not cost anything of the individual, that does not take time or self-denial or effort.

It occurs to us that Dartmouth's president, David McLaughlin, has resigned, effective next June. There is thus a position opening up that could be in the forefront of reform all across the country, in the direction in which William Bennett desires to move. Given President McLaughlin's experience, it would take an iron stomach. But the opening is there.

Yale Wins

AN AMERICAN university president has just been sighted whose belief in freedom of opinion extends to times other than when he is giving a commencement address. Last spring, Yale sophomore Wayne Dick put up posters satirizing the university's Gay/Lesbian Awareness Days. The miscreant was apprehended and hauled before a disciplinary committee, which put him on probation for the rest of his days at Yale. The reigning consensus at Yale evidently does not consider homosexuality a laughing matter, even though lots of interesting people have—Aristophanes, for instance, and Oscar Wilde (homosexuality providing the structural foundation for many of his jokes, including his green carnation).

But Yale's new president, Benno Schmidt, an expert on the First Amendment, decided that things had gone much too far. He reconvened the disciplinary committee for a new hearing. The dean of the Law School, Guido Calabresi, appeared as Wayne Dick's counsel. Not surprisingly, the student was acquitted, and his probation lifted. Let the bells ring out. Congratulations to Schmidt, and to Calabresi. And to Nat Hentoff of *The Village Voice*, who devoted three columns to Wayne Dick, keeping the issue alive.

Not That Unusual

"YOU HAD an unusual situation in a labor bargaining where the people who would actually be affected [the Frontier workers] weren't even at the negotiating table," according to Robert Joedicke, an airline analyst with Shearson Lehman Brothers. Joedicke was referring to the United Airlines pilots' decision in August to veto United's proposed pay scale for Frontier pilots after a takeover. Because of their decision, there was no takeover, Frontier shut down, and the Frontier pilots lost their jobs. But, contrary to Joedicke's assertion, the situation was not unusual at all. Unions regularly make decisions that affect people not at the negotiating table.

Most unions exist to give monopoly power to their members. To the extent they succeed, they drive wages (whether in cash or in fringe benefits) higher than if the unions did not exist. Employers respond to these higher wages by laying off workers or by hiring fewer new people. The workers laid off have some say: They get to vote on wage agreements. But the ones who never get hired are not in the union and have no say whatsoever. Yet the union has made a decision that affects them directly.

That's not all. Sometimes national and international unions dictate to their locals on what kind of wage agreement is permissible. If the local accepts a cut in wages to keep an employer in business, the national union may override it. This happened in Idaho in 1982, when a United Steelworkers of America local made wage concessions to keep jobs for its workers. After an overwhelming vote by the local's members in favor of wage cuts, the local's leaders, who had opposed the cuts, quit. Their action allowed the international union to appoint an administrator and to bring the local under its control. Of course, the agree-

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"Always glad to help South African blacks!"

ment was never signed. Presumably the international union feared that competition from the Idaho plant would threaten steelworkers' jobs elsewhere. And it acted to preserve its monopoly.

So if you find yourself upset about the United pilots' voting to destroy other pilots' jobs, be aware that their anti-social action was not unusual: It was just more obvious than usual.

New Guard, New York Times

WE DO NOT disguise that beyond the reach of memory, we at NATIONAL REVIEW have used the *New York Times* as our very favorite pincushion. Much of this, the paper has earned, particularly in its editorial pages, where, especially under the leadership of an editor providentially retired several years ago, the *Times* was militantly, not to say disreputably, tone-deaf, showing an enthusiasm for such disparate calamities as Fidel Castro and John Lindsay.

But the *New York Times* even then was a very great newspaper, with a profound sense of its responsibility to cover the news, even if the temptation, often, was to do so tendentiously, as when Barry Goldwater ran for President. But the news last weekend of a shifting of the guard brings to mind how heavily indebted all readers of the *New York Times*, and all readers of readers of the *New York Times*, are to A. M. Rosenthal for the extraordinary vision he brought to the paper, which he dominated (save only the editorial pages) for almost twenty years. The brightness of the Grey Lady, its appetite for the news, for features, for supplements, the sheer universality of its coverage make it the outstanding newspaper in the world. It is sad that Mr. Rosenthal is retiring, but reassuring to know that the traditions he accepted and reinforced will be maintained by his successors.

Mr. Rosenthal once noted that it is not easy for the editor of the *New York Times* to move through the city with any sense of security, as the *Times* is blamed for everything that goes wrong (it should be blamed for only about half of what goes wrong). He cited to the editor of this journal an example. One evening, after a very long day at work, he eased into his bed and pulled out the freshest issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, opened it, and read in the lead editorial, "Abe? Abe Rosenthal! Are you listening, goddammit? That story you published last week about . . ." *Requiescat in pace.* Abe Rosenthal will write two columns per week for the Op-Ed page; Arthur Gelb, his gifted associate, will serve as managing editor; and Max Frankel, from the editorial page he substantially rescued, will be the new boss. Best wishes to them all. Goddammit.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I submit the following for adjudication in your literate and erudite "Notes & Asides."

I asked my lady friend to hand me *a* Kleenex. She asked if I wanted a couple of them. I said no, if I had wanted more, I'd have said give me some *Kleenices.* She threw the box at me with a tasteless remark about my superciliousness. But wasn't I right? I have no other Latin authority I can turn to.

Cordially,
Gino Lucchetti
Oak Park, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lucchetti: Of course you were right. And if she persists, you might threaten to throw your Rolices at her, that is if you have more than one. Cordially,
WFB

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☐ Dear Bill:

You keep touching on issues that stimulate, so I'll regale you once again with my own theory on the pathogenesis of homosexuality, a condition that rather consistently affects 10 per cent of the adult male and 5 per cent of the adult female population. Until some organic basis, congenital or hormonal, is discovered, my ideas are as good as any, and are based on a behavioral pattern. Briefly:

Item: Homosexuality is a *forme fruste*, a maturation arrest.

Item: In adolescence we all pass through, in varying degrees, a homosexual phase. Schoolgirl crushes, Boy Scouts in sleeping bags. Overt sexual experiences with the same sex may occur, are fantastic fun.

Item: Initial homosexuality is light and entertaining and fun and natural. Heterosexuality is painful, awkward, frustrating, responsible, filled with life-and-death consequences.

Item: Enter many factors that reinforce remaining in the earlier, easier estate. Overbearing mother to a boy, absent father to a girl, bad experience with opposite sex. Sensitivity. Talent. The Billy Budd syndrome.

The word "gay," which gays have unconsciously chosen for themselves, supports the whole concept. Webster's Seventh says: "1: happily excited: merry 2: bright, lively . . . 3: given to social pleasures." The whole thrust of the meaning is toward immaturity, that sex should be fun and unencumbered by lofty considerations such as religion or the integrity of the race.

I could go on in great detail. But the sweetness, the creativity, the bodily pride, the good looks, the energy, the great fun gays are to be with derive from an appreciation of what I am talking about. It would all be easier if they came up with some congenital predisposition, but such has not been the case, nor is it likely ever to be. While the Bohemian Club may be enough of an adult all-male remnant for you and me, gays have to "take it all down." Think on't.

Sincerely,
Jim
[James C. Neely, MD]
San Francisco, Calif.

☐ Dear William F.:

I realize that you are, shall we say, the Patriarch of the Conservative Movement, but there is something that concerns me. Considering your masterly use of the English language, I wonder whether you can relate to those of us who are too lazy (or is it too cool?) to put forth the effort to expand our vocabulary.

I took a stab at reading *Right Reason* and enjoyed what I could understand, but did not want to have to run to Webster's dictionary every five minutes on the rest. I only had slight difficulty with Rusher's *The Rise of the Right*. I am 22 years old and consider myself "hip." I also consider myself ever so slightly above average on intellect, but you seem to leave me in the dust. Have you ever considered using slang, or hanging loose and shootin' the breeze?

Just a few thoughts, sir, for you to dwell on. Nevertheless, and with all due respect, I always have and always will look to you in the same light as I would the old man on top of the mountain.

Be cool, man, or should I say,

Cordially,
Arthur P. Nichols Jr.
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Mr. Nichols: Funny, because I thought Bill Rusher's book comparatively inscrutable. My stuff is a breeze by contrast. Huh. Ask Rusher if *he* ever wrote a children's book. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

What a party that Fourth of July celebration was. Bands playing patriotic music, sailing ships, fireworks, a President telling the citizens to have fun, thousands of shots of the Lovely Lady, and an unending parade of proud Americans professing their belief in liberty and freedom. It was the greatest and I enjoyed every minute of it.

Question: Where was Jane Fonda?

Sincerely,
James F. Clybourn
Fairfield, Ohio

Dear Mr. Clybourn: I can't vouch for it personally, but one correspondent told me Jane Fonda was in Chernobyl that weekend, checking out the radiation for her next movie, which, however, is a deep secret. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill (if I may):

Since I agree with 99 per cent of what you write 99 per cent of the time, I trust you will not put me down as a nitpicker for pointing out that you went a bit far with ". . . flying at Mach 1.5 at treetop level . . ." in your column on Libya a while ago.

Any aircraft flying that fast at low level would shred its wings—for starters. The above-Mach 2 velocities are restricted to high-level (thin air) altitudes. At treetop level (in denser air) an aircraft has to slow down to stay in one piece. Besides, at Mach 1.5 at treetop level, you couldn't hit a bull in the ass with a sack of peaches, to quote an old expression.

Keep up your good work. You are a breath of fresh air in our wimpish excuse for a local newspaper. (We are from Dallas where the papers are—marginally—better.)

Hang in there . . .

Len Morgan
Jamestown, N.C.

—WFB

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GOP JITTERS

IT'S EITHER the millennium or the apocalypse, depending on whom you talk to. "A tremendous event that will change the future of this country for the better," crows a congressman. "It will lay waste to everything America has become," moans a Hill Staffer. The Summit? Tax reform? Drug testing? None of the above. It's the November elections, and the possible recapturing of the Senate by the Democrats.

Thirty-four Senate seats are up, and of these 22 are GOP incumbencies. The Democrats need only a net total gain of four seats to resume control, the present composition being 53 Republicans, 47 Democrats. A fifty-fifty split would save Republican domination, since Vice President George Bush as Senate President would be the tie-breaker. But an even split would also permit Democrats to insist on exactly balanced participation on powerful committees; some committees would become effectively Democratic, since liberal Republicans (like Lowell Weicker on Labor and Human Resources) invariably vote with the Democrats.

Here's what would happen on some key committees if the Democrats gain their requisite four seats.

Biden to Judiciary. Reaganites are groaning at the prospect of Joseph Biden (Del.) taking over from Strom Thurmond (S.C.). "He's a menace," says a top Judiciary staffer for the majority. "After his fire-breathing performance on Rehnquist, we don't expect anything but trouble." Democrats concur. "Trouble is an understatement —for Ronald Reagan. We're going to bear down on Reagan's blatantly ideological and incompetent nominees," says a key aide to a Democratic senator. "Watch for fireworks." Besides putting the brakes on judicial appointments, committee watchers expect more antitrust legislation (hostile to big business) and more quota action.

Kennedy to Labor and Human Resources. Insiders predict that if Teddy resumes his leadership from Orrin Hatch (Utah) he will restore many of the social-spending cuts that have gone through this committee. Kennedy is said to be bitter about the rollbacks. "There's going to be intense oversight, attention to the poor, the re-emergence of government as a caring institution," says a Kennedy insider. "Watch for a lot of presidential vetoes," warns a GOP committee staffer.

Leahy to Agriculture. With the ongoing gravity of the farm crisis—overblown subsidies, massive farmer debt, low commodity prices—the historically sleepy Ag Committee could become politically critical. With Patrick Leahy (Vt.) replacing Jesse Helms (N.C.), "the new policies will turn back to failed programs of the past," says a senior Ag Department official. In the 1988 race, Republicans are expecting to be blamed for the "collapse of the American farm," and a Democratically controlled committee will fortify the charge.

Incidentally and humorously, the Democrats, even if they win, could have their own scare. To become vice chairman of Intelligence, Leahy had given up his ranking status to Edward Zorinsky (Neb.). However, he would have the right to reclaim the top Ag Committee spot. But Zorinsky (who had switched from the Republican to the Democratic Party in 1976) has threatened—get this—to defect back to the GOP if Leahy doesn't let him have the Ag chair. In a 51 to 49 win for the Democrats, such a move would give control back to the Republicans.

Pell to Foreign Relations. With Claiborne Pell (R.I.) deposing Richard Lugar (Ind.), Democrats would push harder for arms control, reforms in South Africa and Chile, and a softening of the hard line on Central America.

Proxmire to Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs. If Jake Garn (Utah) loses his place to William Proxmire (Wis.), many here expect a tougher, tighter stance on the financial industry from the badgerer of business. "Banks are failing everywhere," says a Democratic think-tank economist. "The government is going to have to get into the act."

Nunn to Armed Services. Republicans wouldn't be particularly alarmed if Sam Nunn (Ga.) were to take over from the retiring Barry Goldwater (Ariz.). "Nunn is a hawk and has worked closely with Goldwater," says a GOP Armed Services aide. The White House could run into some trouble on SDI, however: Nunn supports it, but he wouldn't be as quick to extend massive funding.

Bentsen to Finance. Although partisan bias does not bulk large in tax legislation, Bob Packwood's replacement, Lloyd Bentsen (Tex.), would spell a push for a tax increase and protectionism.

Chiles to Budget. Ditto for a tax increase and trade barriers if Lawton Chiles (Fla.) unseats Pete Domenici (N.M.).

EVEN WITH a GOP Senate majority, Democrats have nearly mucked up a number of the President's proposals. To wit: Contra aid passed by a tight 53 to 47; Daniel Manion's bloody confirmation as appellate judge won by an even closer 48 to 46; and an amendment to slash SDI funding missed by a razor-edge 50 to 49. Imagine what Democrats could do if they had control of the committees.

Little wonder that Republicans are ladling out $12 million to their 1986 candidates, as compared to the Democrats' $5 million. Little wonder that shrewd pragmatist Ronald Reagan accepted Mikhail Gorbachev's Reykjavik invitation. Will it pay off in November's Senate races? Almost certainly. But it is high-stakes strategy. □

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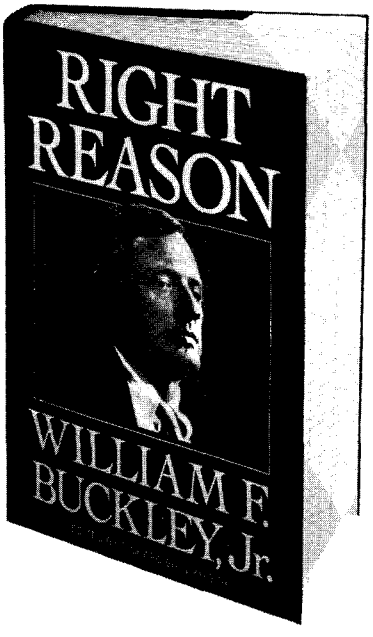

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POST-STOCKHOLM EUPHORIA

THERE SEEMS to be something about the stopping of clocks that stimulates last-ditch conciliatory impulses in negotiating diplomats. Perhaps, therefore, I should control my natural inclination to label those impulses childish.

The only significant precedent I can think of for those metal hands poised at 10:56 on a Friday night at the conclusion of the European Security Conference in Stockholm stirs dismal memories. The Geneva Conference of 1954 had ended on a similar theatrical note, with the clocks stopped (at midnight, I think) on July 21 to enable Premier Pierre Mendès-France to claim that he had kept his pledge to the National Assembly that he would bring peace to Indochina within a month of taking office, or resign.

Mendès-France's personal triumph was a major defeat for the West, and the joyful surprise that greeted the division of Vietnam into two roughly equal halves was tempered not long after when Mendès-France allowed the European Defense Community bill to be defeated in the Assembly—his unrecorded payment to Molotov for restraining the territorial appetite of Russia's Vietnamese Communist protégés, who felt, understandably, that their smashing defeat of the French at Dienbienphu entitled them to a bigger slice of their war-torn country.

Of course, all that was a long time ago, and it remains to be seen whether Stockholm will go down in history as a Western reverse or as a contribution to peace in Europe.

Interesting, and possibly significant, I thought, was the contrast in levels of rejoicing in two widely separated spots in the public limelight. Mr. Robert Barry, the chief American delegate at the Stockholm talks, looked happy enough as he toasted his Soviet opposite number, Mr. Oleg Grinevsky. But Grinevsky, we read, welcomed the agreement "ecstatically" as a "great day of joy," whereas Mr. Barry declared more soberly that deeds, not words, were what would matter.

Meanwhile, in the UN glasshouse in Manhattan, the Soviet delegates pointedly abstained from the awful exertion of applauding President Reagan after his major and realistic speech on arms control, the Strategic Defense Initiative, and the unfortunate Mr. Daniloff.

On paper, the Soviet side made major concessions at the Stockholm talks. One such was the agreement to give at least 42 days' notice of military maneuvers involving more than 13,000 troops (the size of a Soviet division). Even more remarkable, the Soviets agreed that this prior notice would even apply to the hitherto sacrosanct soil of Mother Russia, all the way to the Urals. They also conceded mandatory inspection by NATO observers of ground exercises involving more than 17,000 troops. All of this is a big advance on Helsinki.

AGAINST THIS, when it comes to aerial inspection, the Western negotiators (tired, perhaps, after two years and nine months of jawjawing, and with a jaded eye on that frozen clock) agreed that it should be conducted by *Soviet pilots flying Soviet planes*. (The Final Document actually read: "Aircraft for inspection will be chosen by mutual agreement between the inspecting and receiving states," but the Western participants knew the score.)

It reminds me of the best Geneva Summit joke, 1955 variety. President Eisenhower had proposed his "open skies" mutual inspection from the air. When I asked a senior Soviet official how (in effect) this grabbed him, he said in his booming, Chaliapin-like voice: "Russian planes over America, good. American planes over Russia, bad." Still bad, it appears.

Since SALT II, I am assured, the Soviet Union has not invited observers from the major Western powers to any Warsaw Pact exercises, and until just the other day it had turned down all such invitations from the NATO powers. However, before the ink had quite dried on the Final Document, senior Soviet and Czech officers were watching as thousands of NATO troops swarmed ashore on the Baltic beaches of West Germany.

It was hardly surprising that the Soviets should have gotten in first on this particular act. More surprisingly, and regrettably, at exactly the same time, Norway's Labor government announced that the United States would be barred from sending F-111 jet bombers to take part in NATO exercises over Norwegian territory. Why this unfriendly gesture? Because those nasty F-111s were the planes that pounded Colonel Qaddafi's installations not long ago. Norwegian Defense Ministry officials, prudently anonymous, explained that Norway feared that the presence of F-111s would be interpreted by the Russians as a provocation. It is hard not to think of the hostile reception the same Norwegian government gave Margaret Thatcher when she visited Norway early in September; not to mention the pro-IRA rioters in the streets. With allies like these, who needs Russians?

Nor should one be especially scornful of Norwegian Laborites. After all, Britain's Liberal Party celebrated Stockholm by committing itself to a nonnuclear defense policy. In vain had Dr. David Owen, the leader of the Liberals' political partner, the Social Democratic Party (SDP), deployed his considerable persuasive talents in favor of a nuclear defense capability.

This leaves Mrs. Thatcher as all that stands between Britain as a full member of the Western Alliance and Britain as a unilateralist weakling. After all, Dr. Owen and his SDP, on their own, hardly constitute a bulwark. □

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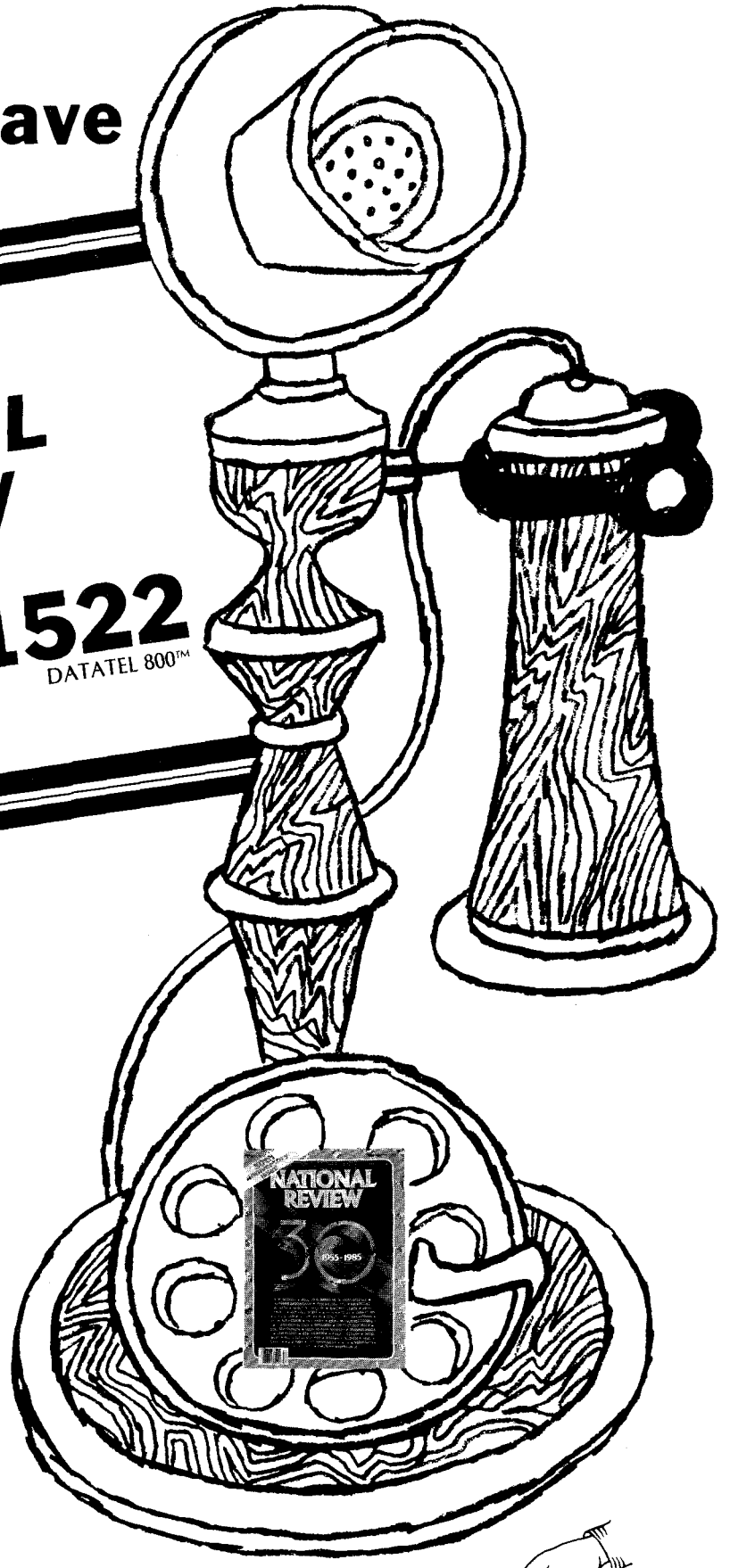

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DISARMING BRITAIN

"MOMENTOUS" was the word rightly used in one editorial to describe the answer given by Neil Kinnock, leader of the British Labour Party, to a question about his defense policy. Above him at the Labour Party's annual conference hung a pale pink rose, the new soothing symbol designed by the party's image-makers to replace the red flag and proletarian emblems of the past. Soft focus was now the style, moderation the claim.

But one thing was not fudged. The Labour Party is now unequivocally committed to unilateral nuclear disarmament. If it should come to power, it would hope to get rid of all Britain's nuclear weapons within a year, and to expel American missiles and nuclear bases from British territory. Asked whether he would still be relying, implicitly, on the American nuclear umbrella, Mr. Kinnock replied: "If we are not prepared to use the weapons system ourselves, we should not be asking anyone else to jeopardize themselves by the use of nuclear weapons. I think it would be immoral to do so."

"I would die for my country," said Mr. Kinnock in his keynote speech, "but I would never let my country die for me"; which, though it was cheered to the echo, seemed to mean, characteristically, absolutely nothing. The Labour Party's whole defense policy is a rose-colored illusion. It assumes that Britain, having opted out of nuclear defense, could still be "a loyal member of NATO," that American non-nuclear bases would remain in Britain, and that Britain's conventional forces could be adequately strengthened by using the money that would otherwise have been spent on nuclear weapons.

In reality, no conceivable amount of extra spending on conventional arms would enable Western Europe, let alone Britain by herself, to withstand a full-scale Russian assault. A battle would, anyway, hardly be necessary. Since not even Mr. Kinnock can believe that the Russians, inspired by Britain's example, would either abandon their nuclear weapons or politely agree not to use them, the British government would have little choice but to accept whatever demands the Kremlin might make.

Nor would the consequences of Labour's unilateral disarmament be confined to Britain. Other European countries would be under pressure from their pacifist and anti-nuclear movements to follow suit. Resolve would surely crumble on the American side too. If Britain, America's closest transatlantic ally, the securest base for planes, missiles, and submarines, and an essential staging area for reinforcement in an emergency, had deliberately turned away, the entire European commitment would certainly have to be reconsidered. The existing arrangement for joint planning and intelligence could not survive unchanged even temporarily, any more than the ANZUS Pact arrangement survived New Zealand's prohibition of nuclear weapons. So the Soviets' aim of decoupling America from Europe would have been effortlessly achieved.

In two major programs on British television, scheduled to coincide with the Labour Party conference, these points were forcibly put by Caspar Weinberger and by Assistant Defense Secretary Richard Perle. In addition, a liberal Democrat, Congressman Stephen Solarz, emphasizing that Weinberger's opinions "do not represent some isolated far-right hawkish view," told the Labour Party leaders that their policy would be "disastrous." Mr. Perle described it as "wildly irresponsible." Senator John Warner was even more explicit. "The policy of unilateral disarmament," he said, "would unravel NATO and compel the United States to withdraw its troops. We should have to bring them home, because in good conscience we could not leave them there undefended."

The response of Neil Kinnock and his colleagues was to huff and puff about "interference" and to say they had been assured that Mr. Weinberger wasn't speaking for the American Government. Whereupon the U.S. ambassador in London, Charles Price, made it quite clear that Weinberger was speaking for the American Government.

A decision had obviously been taken in the White House and the Pentagon that the Labour Party's proposals constituted so grave a threat to the Western Alliance that it was necessary to campaign against them, or at least to spell out their implications. And the British press, on the whole, agreed that this was reasonable.

AT THE Labour Party conference, however, the prevailing anti-Americanism became even more virulent. Each rude remark about the United States was warmly applauded, whereas a reference to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was heard in stony silence. Some of the delegates would really prefer Britain to be allied with the Eastern bloc; others are neutralists; almost all are blindly anti-nuclear. They voted to phase out Britain's nuclear-power station and rely once more, for energy supplies, on the militants of the miners' union.

The Labour Party is now so firmly controlled by the Left that nothing short of full-scale unilateralism would have been acceptable to it. Not that Mr. Kinnock wanted anything else. He and, even more fervently, his pretty but highly political wife, Glenys, are dedicated nuclear disarmers. The complicated subtleties of deterrence and balanced negotiations were simply ignored in gusts of passionate rhetoric.

(Continues on page 61)

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s London correspondent.*

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STILL CRAZY IN MASSACHUSETTS

THE "ONE-PARTY" South, of blessed memory, had nothing on Massachusetts, which may have voted for Ronald Reagan but shows no other sign of having moved farther rightward or having become more Republican in recent years. Since 1978, when Senator Edward Brooke lost a reelection bid to Paul Tsongas, a Democrat of similarly liberal stripe, the Bay State has had but two significant Republican office-holders: Representative Margaret Heckler, who lost to liberal Democrat Barney Frank and now languishes in Dublin, and Representative Silvio Conte, who boasts a voting record nearly indistinguishable from those of his liberal Democratic colleagues. Massachusetts is as hospitable to Republicans as the Catskills are to Arabs.

Republicans make up for their lack of clout with vitriol and an internecine instinct for the brotherly jugular. This year the GOP enters the election season with a ticket almost bereft of a gubernatorial candidate and a reputation as the party that did more to eviscerate itself than ever its opponents could hope to do on their own.

Consider the top of the ticket, which will be graced now by a man who couldn't win the primary contest in September and had to cool his heels for a few days to find out if the man who did win would stand aside. Morrie Ryskind could have written a madcap musical comedy about the affair, but nobody would have believed it even as Broadway material. Truth here is wackier than fiction.

A man who referred to himself in a *Boston Herald* article (September 19) as "the flasher, the forger, and an organized-crime figure"—tongue firmly planted in cheek, but not without pain—took the primary handily after withdrawing from the race two months before and then honored his pledge to get out of the race, though "the people have spoken." Still with me?

Gregory S. Hyatt, who ran the closest congressional race in Massachusetts in 1984, losing by 53 to 47 per cent to the chairman of the state Democratic Party, announced early in 1986 for the Republican nomination for governor. He had no opposition save for a challenge from a former Democrat, Guy Carbone, and he seemed assured of the party's endorsement at its spring convention and a free ride to the nomination. But on the eve of the convention, scurrilous rumors surfaced to the effect that in a previous job he had been seen naked in his office and had chain-smoked, drunk lots of coffee, and talked into telephones with nobody at the other end of the line. The "flasher" story soon unraveled, as the secretary who had reported it acknowledged that Hyatt had merely been changing into another suit in his office. But the image took hold, and Hyatt's enemies in the party threw not only fuel but Hyatt on the fire, abandoning him narrowly at the convention and nominating a state representative named Royall Switzler, renowned for endless speeches in the state legislature and for trumpeting his military record from the Vietnam War.

Hyatt plugged on. Then Switzler's glorious Vietnam War rercord was revealed as a sham, wholly a fabrication. One career—Switzler's—down the drain. Whereupon Hyatt's nomination papers were challenged, and a tape emerged demonstrating that Hyatt had solicited a campaign contribution from an alleged crime figure—a friend of the Hyatt family, said the candidate. The GOP honchos decided that Hyatt was irreparably flawed, despite the fact that the "flasher" story was a lie, the flawed nomination papers turned out not to be flawed, and no proof of wrongdoing stuck to Hyatt in the matter of the contribution.

But Hyatt had had enough. He announced his withdrawal from the race. Hyatt's name, and Switzler's, remained on the primary ballot owing to one of those idiotic state laws that mandates the retention of all certified candidates' names after a date approximately two months before the primary election. The party elders begged everybody who could walk to take the gubernatorial slot and finally found a willing sacrificial lamb in another former Democrat, George Karious, who had served in the cabinet of Democratic Governor Edward King, and who is widely believed to have been knee-deep in the cabal that undid Hyatt and engineered the convention designation of the war hero, Switzler.

AND THEN came the primary election. Hyatt took the nomination with 40 per cent of the vote to Switzler's 33 per cent and Kariotis's write-in of 17 per cent. Carbone took 1 per cent. Hyatt could not be reached for a day, then turned up and announced: "Let me savor the win. It was a win and I was pleased with it."

That Friday, Hyatt announced he would keep his word and refuse the nomination. A nicely imbalanced ticket of George Kariotis and Nick Nikitas, for governor and lieutenant governor, can march on to inglorious defeat at the hands of another Greek, Michael Dukakis. Below Kariotis, the Republicans are running another former Democrat, Ted Harrington, for attorney general; William Robinson for auditor (he beat the GOP state chairman, an enemy of Hyatt's); and Joyce Hampers, yet another former Democrat and King cabinet secretary, for treasurer. As I write this, a challenge has been mounted to Mrs. Hampers's eligibility for the post; the allegation is that she hasn't been a Massachusetts voter long enough to qualify for the race. The beat goes on. □

Mr. Brudnoy hosts a talk program on WBZ Radio, New England's leading station, and writes on politics and popular culture.

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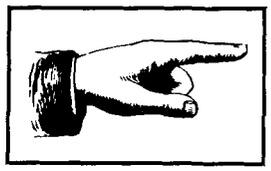
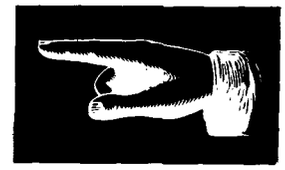




I Just Called to Say I LOVE YOU

HENRY KLINGEMAN

In North Carolina in October 1984, at the end of a hard-fought re-election campaign that had lasted almost two years, Senator Jesse Helms took a grand total of three days to campaign to black voters. During that period, Helms stumped at black colleges and neighborhoods, giving the same conservative pitch he gave elsewhere on the campaign trail. The effort paid off: Polling data indicate that, on election day, Helms grabbed approximately 13 per cent of the black vote. That may not sound like much. But before his mid-October barnstorming, polls gave Helms only 2 per cent of the black vote. The 11-percentage-point surge in black support that Helms gained in three days of trying provided the margin of victory over Governor James Hunt.

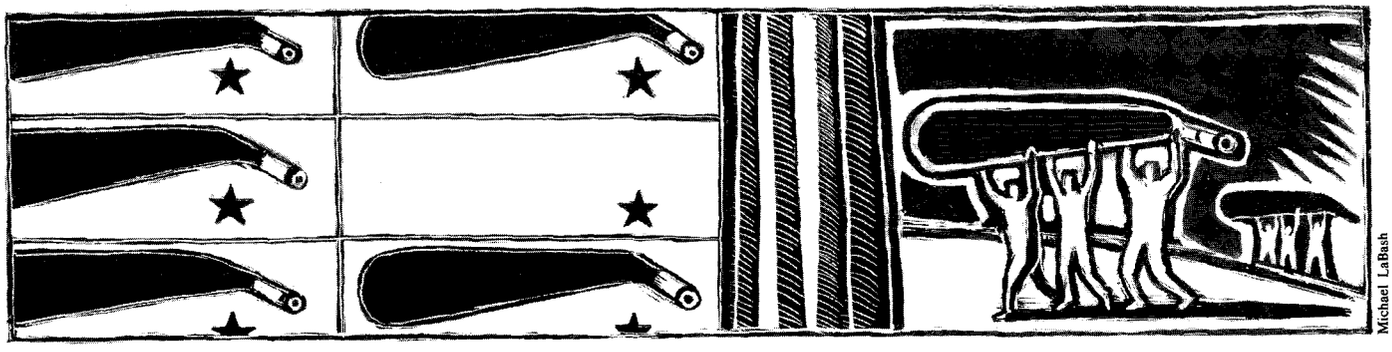
How did Helms do it? In a record landslide the same year, Ronald Reagan couldn't get more than 10 per cent of the black vote in North Carolina. And Helms has been an outspoken opponent of the civil-rights movement for thirty years. He is consistently portrayed as a special enemy of blacks by the black leadership, by the Democrats, and even by members of his own party. Helms gained re-election in North Carolina because he paid attention to one elementary political rule most Republicans have forgotten, at least as regards black voters: If you want someone's vote, you have to ask him for it.

Since the Voting Rights Act of 1965 became law, the number of black voters has grown enormously. But black political influence has not grown proportionately. The Voting Rights Act gave blacks the opportunity to participate in the political process; they responded by supporting the Democratic Party *en bloc*. Black support has ensured Democrats control of numerous congressional districts and city councils, but uniform voting habits have rendered black votes nearly insignificant in presidential elections. The results of black allegiance to the Democratic Party have been twofold: The Democrats have taken black votes for granted, and the Republicans have written them off.

As Helms's experience tends to prove, and as some Republican strategists are beginning to suspect, there is a potential bonanza for the Republican Party in this situation. Precisely because the Democrats' command of the black vote is so extraordinary, if the GOP can attract even a small fraction of that vote, it stands to make significant political gains. It is not necessary for Republican candidates to attract the majority of the black vote. Blacks make up more than 20 per cent of the electorate in 101 congressional districts. Most estimates indicate that if Republicans could attract 15 to 25 per cent of the black vote, they could take over the House of Representatives.

Those who dismiss this possibility ought to recall that not so long ago black votes went to Republicans as predictably as they now go to Democrats. "In every presidential election between the Civil War and the New Deal," concedes one prominent black veteran of the civil-rights movement, "blacks voted for Lincoln. Even though he was dead, blacks voted for Lincoln." Voting decisions are made, as the economists would say, at the margin. Although a voter's decision is sometimes the manifestation of an overwhelming preference or a genuine belief that a particular candidate can deliver on certain key promises, the ballot remains a multiple-choice test. To pick one candidate over the others is not necessarily to say a great deal. It may

Mr. Klingeman, a recent graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, is working on a book about collegiate journalism.



Michael LaBash

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say no more than: I believe this fellow cares about me a little more than that fellow does. The Republican Party conferred few concrete benefits on American blacks over the several decades during which it commanded their allegiance. Black support for the GOP was visceral—and thus easily eroded.

Much the same thing could be said of black support for the Democrats today. During the Depression, Franklin Roosevelt moved blacks, always among the poorest Americans, into the Democratic coalition, but it took some time, and the commitment wasn't nearly as firm as it is today. It took the civil-rights movement to solidify the switch.

Democrats in Washington, led by Lyndon Johnson, delivered the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965. As many blacks went to the polls for the first time, their perception that the national Democratic Party passionately championed civil rights proved more compelling than the no less true perception that the Southern Democratic Party was passionately fighting to maintain segregation. Republicans played a peripheral role in the debate. To a certain extent, black voters have seen every election since 1965 as a reaffirmation of the civil-rights movement. They are still voting for Lyndon Johnson and Martin Luther King.

That blacks form visceral political allegiances to those who seem concerned with their problems says little about black people and much about politics. Most people who don't care much about politics, which is to say most people, behave pretty much the same way. That is why leaders, such as Ronald Reagan, who can transform a host of political "issues" into a few political symbols are so successful. Liberal black leaders link the emotions generated by the phrase "civil rights" to other issues to maintain black allegiance to the Democratic Party. Jesse Jackson cites "jobs, peace, and justice . . . and the dignity and decency associated with the civil-rights movement of the 1960s."

The civil-rights movement provided blacks with formal equality. But it did more than that. Viewed as a part of the Great Society, it promised opportunity, the advancement of the black destitute, and even recompense for past wrongs. Republicans frequently forget these were always part of the package. Telling blacks to be satisfied with formal equality is the equivalent of telling them that they have already got all that is coming to them. "Brad Reynolds declares himself the true heir to Martin Luther King because he pursues a color-blind society," says Harvard scholar Glenn Loury. "But the trouble with that is Martin Luther King's message didn't end with a color-blind society. It included other things about opportunities for black Americans."

Of course, the Great Society welfare programs have been a dismal failure for black Americans, particularly poor blacks. Nevertheless, the mainstream black leadership and the major civil-rights groups (the NAACP, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Operation PUSH, the Urban League, et al.) continue to behave as if the expansion of these programs were their prime political mission. Part of the explanation is that these groups have come to depend on the welfare programs for their very existence. Glenn Loury claims that for black leadership groups, poor blacks are "political capital." If that political capital were to evaporate—if blacks were elevated out of poverty—these leadership groups would cease to exist. Robert Woodson of the National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise suggests that the best-known civil-rights groups have developed a "proprietary interest in maintaining a permanent underclass." Without the poor there would be no welfare system, and without the welfare system there would be no welfare lobby.

There is a less cynical version of this explanation: Support for welfare programs has come to symbolize sympathy with the plight of black Americans. It may not be a very productive symbol, but until something better comes along it will continue to be used. Jesse Jackson agrees that the programs don't work as well as promised. But he insists that "the programs have been more effective than the insensitivity that preceded them." Doing something, anything, he argues, is better than doing nothing.

The phenomenal appeal of this other Jesse provides some clues to Republicans seeking black support. While major civil-rights groups have struggled to maintain their visibility during the last decade, Jesse Jackson has emerged as the most prominent, best-loved black leader since Martin Luther King. Jackson's appeal is not ideologically obvious. His rhetoric, with its denunciations of the welfare mentality and its stress on self-improvement, is certainly not that of a white liberal. His policy recommendations—dramatic increases in social-welfare spending and deep cuts in the military—are more typically Left. But since most people pay little attention to the details of a politician's program, it is reasonable to suppose that it is Jackson's rhetoric that forms the basis of his appeal. Jackson escapes detailed criticism because his rhetoric of pride and self-reliance captures the aspirations of black people.

What is ironic is that, on the "issues," large numbers of blacks are conservatives, but they continue to support Democratic liberals. In the fall of 1985, the Center for Media and Public Affairs published the results of a comprehensive survey of black opinion. According to this survey, 83 per cent of blacks favored prayer in the public schools; 55 per cent supported the death penalty for murder; 60 per cent opposed allowing homosexuals to teach in public schools; 43 per cent supported a ban on all abortions; 84 per cent wanted harsher sentences for criminals; 53 per cent opposed busing. The results "stunned" the poll-taker, but they should not have. In most cases, the numbers are similar to those yielded by national surveys of all Americans. Clarence Thomas, chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, insists that "blacks are pluralistic." William Keyes, who has served as a domestic-policy advisor in the Reagan White House, cites other polls which he believes show that blacks are actually more conservative than whites.

Black conservatism stems partially from the Southern Baptist tradition. The influence of this heritage appeared in polls conducted during the fight over a school-prayer amendment in 1983. Blacks supported prayer in schools more than any other voting group. Keyes, now heading a political-action committee called BLACK-PAC, argues that school prayer is the kind of "emotional" issue that will

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stir black voters. "I can make the most eloquent argument you have ever heard about the Davis-Bacon Act or the minimum wage or how occupational licensing destroys opportunity, but who cares?" he asks. "But if you ask someone whether his kid should be allowed to pray in school, all of a sudden he gets emotionally involved."

School prayer is only one of a host of social issues on which blacks side with conservative Republicans. Abortion is another. "Most black people I know," says Jesse Jackson, "feel abortion is immoral." Among the issues that most concern black people, crime is near the top. Clear majorities of blacks favor tougher sentencing for criminals, including the death penalty. Blacks are victims of crimes perpetrated by other blacks twice as often as whites are. A black man is five times more likely to be murdered than a white man. Drugs are another issue on which blacks take the conservative side. Drug use exacts a heavy toll on the black community, motivating muggings and robberies. Like crime, the devastation of the drug plague is felt most by blacks. Drug dealers, like violent criminals, prostitutes, and pornographic theaters, degrade black neighborhoods more frequently than white ones. The catastrophic state of public education remains a pressing concern for black parents, yet the Democratic Party rejects proposals—such as vouchers and tuition tax credits—that would offer poor and lower-middle-class blacks an alternative.

Louis Farrakhan and his Nation of Islam are part of a legacy of black separatism descended from Marcus Garvey's Back to Africa movement of the 1920s. The Nation of Islam is a numerically insignificant offshoot of the mainstream Black Muslim population in the United States. Farrakhan fiercely denounces the black leadership establishment (except Jackson), and he is an enthusiastic (in his own peculiar way) apostle of free enterprise. He damns black leaders for ignoring the decay in values that leads to drug use, crime, teenage pregnancy, and prostitution. He is a racist and an anti-Semite. But his bigotry is not purposeless: It is part of a crusade for black independence. He calls for black Americans to spend their more than $200 billion in annual income among themselves, rather than in white establishments. Indeed, Woodson, Loury, and Keyes all believe that Farrakhan's audience grows, in the words of *Washington Times* columnist Lawrence Wade, "because black leaders fail to say that capitalism, not welfare, is the way to root out poverty." In truth, it is impossible to determine whether his growing appeal is a response more to his racial hatred or to his free-market message. What the two have in common is that they are appeals—however twisted, in the first case—to black self-respect and self-reliance, the common denominator between Farrakhan's rhetoric and Jackson's. However regrettable in itself, the Farrakhan phenomenon suggests that social conservatism and independence from the welfare state have at least as powerful an emotional appeal to blacks as a recitation of Great Society pieties.

Yet conservatives have failed to take their social agenda to the black community. Part of the Republican reticence may be explained by the way the conservative message has been manipulated by the black leadership. A conservative talking about law and order may be accused of encouraging police brutality. But abandoning the attempt is no solution. The tendency of Republican candidates to avoid black audiences only reinforces blacks' fear that the GOP platform is one big codeword for racism. Clarence McKee, a black Washington, D.C., lawyer active in developing conservative strategies for attracting black votes, puts it bluntly: "The [Republican] Party has an image that it doesn't give a damn, while the black leadership enjoys a honeymoon with the black masses."

There is a right way and a wrong way to attract the black vote. Last year, New Jersey Governor Thomas Kean won re-election with 70 per cent of the vote. In doing so, he took 60 per cent of the black vote, a remarkable percentage for a Republican. During his first term, Kean had extended his hand to the black community, and it paid off handsomely. He appointed a record number of black judges, most of them liberal. He endorsed affirmative action and chastised President Reagan for his South Africa policy. His outspoken liberalism on civil-rights issues won him Jesse Jackson's praise and Coretta Scott King's endorsement. His strategy for broadening the base of the Republican Party worked. But there's not much point in broadening the GOP's base if that only means appropriating Democratic policies. On the other hand, Kean conferred few concrete benefits on black voters, proving that the effort to reach out is the essential element.

Kean, to be fair, did make economic opportunity one of the centerpieces of his campaign. Indeed, if his campaign rhetoric had a familiar ring to it, it's because Kean tailored his message after Jack Kemp's. Among Republican conservatives, Kemp has been the most visible advocate of reaching out to black voters. On numerous occasions, he has sought opportunities to speak to black audiences, even though his own district is only 2 per cent black. Standing in for Ronald Reagan at the 1984 Urban League Conference, Kemp delivered a free-enterprise call for oppor-

Michael LaBash

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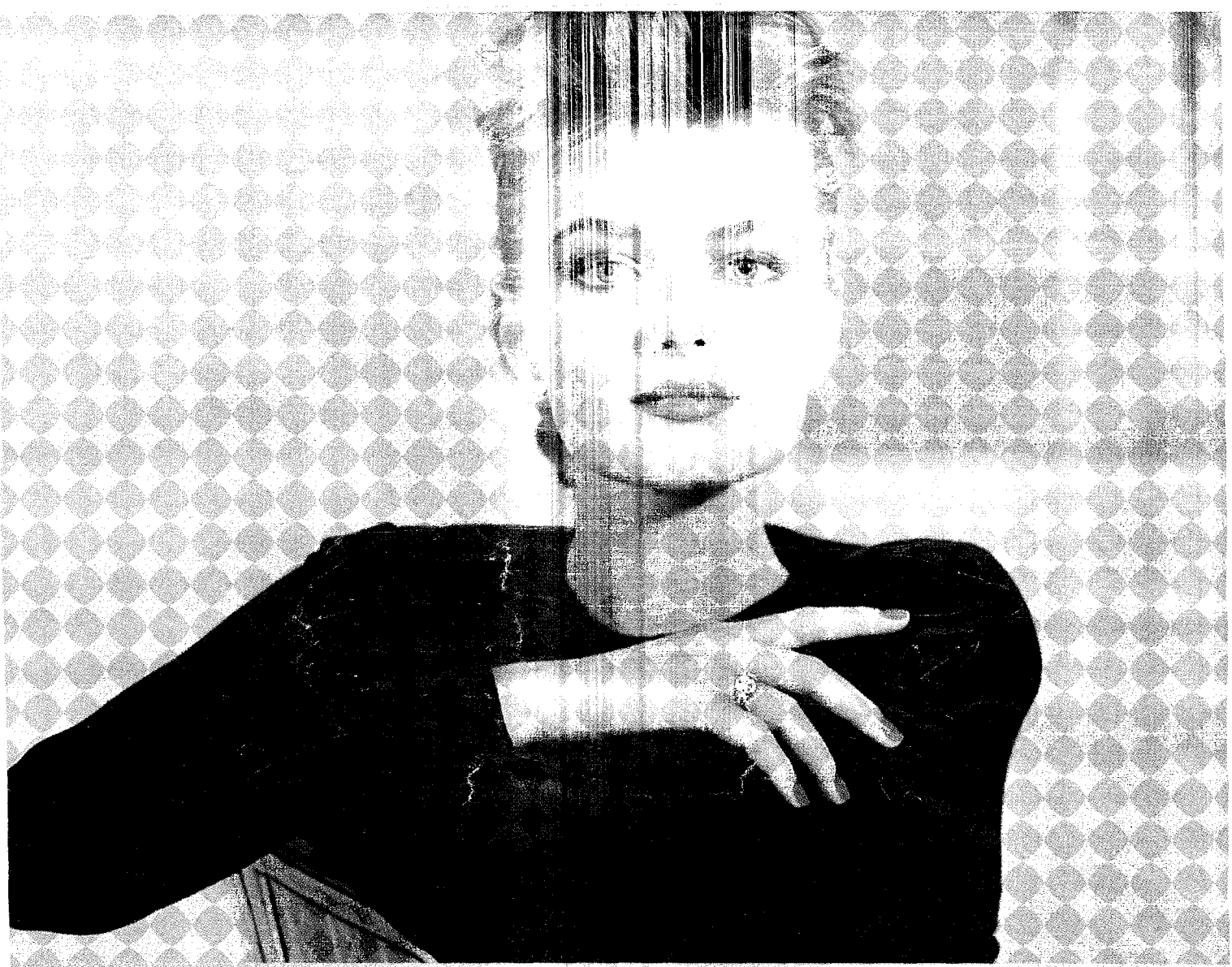

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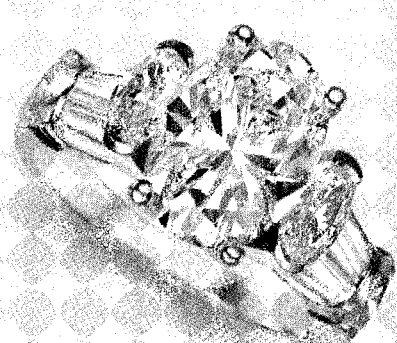

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tunity. The audience responded enthusiastically. He has made successful appearances at black churches and before black civic groups. In August 1985, he co-sponsored a conference entitled Revitalizing Our Cities, in which a coalition of black-dominated self-help groups discussed his agenda for encouraging economic growth in blighted urban areas, including urban enterprise zones and an urban-homesteading bill.

Glenn Loury says these kinds of proposals make Jack Kemp the first nationally prominent Republican "who can make a credible appeal directly to minority inner-city voters." But Kemp's approach has been criticized sharply by other black conservatives. Some feel that his program, consisting mostly of economic reforms, is cold and without genuine emotional appeal. William Keyes answers Loury by calling Kemp's proposals "economic gimmickry." Jesse Jackson is more predictably critical of Kemp: "He looks like Kennedy and talks like Reagan"; his agenda is "all talk and no action."

Hidden in Jackson's rhetoric is a germ of intelligent criticism. Kemp's program consists almost entirely of getting government out of the way of black progress. Enterprise zones may enhance the marginal incentives for business development in the ghetto. But the inner-city environment is fundamentally inhospitable to improvement, largely because of government neglect of key social issues and basic government responsibilities. Crime will destroy any enterprise zone. The ghetto streets are oppressed not primarily by the minimum wage but by the muggers in the alley and the pushers on the corner. Investors will not put their money into businesses on a street down which they would not walk. Job training will do nothing for a community in which a combination of bigotry and the public-school monopoly has destroyed education. Black teenagers won't learn responsible work behavior as long as their role models are fathers whose own sense of responsibility has been destroyed by the welfare trap. Kemp deserves credit for acting on the conviction that, like other

MICHIGAN'S COOL HAND LUKE

WERE MICHIGAN POLITICS the soap opera it sometimes seems, black Republican Bill Lucas would have countless seasons to run for governor. Instead, he has only a few weeks, and the question is whether "Cool Hand Luke," as President Reagan called him, is too "chilled out" to win.

Much is at stake besides his chance at being the first black governor of any American state. Former Democrat Lucas is an anti-affirmative-action, pro-life, tax-cutting conservative who could lead a significant number of black voters off the liberal-Democratic reservation. "Bill Lucas could make conservatism respectable for blacks just as Ronald Reagan made it respectable for whites generally, and the neoconservatives did for Jews," says Harry Veryser, president of the Michigan Conservative Union. "There's a lot of blacks out there who believe in conservative values and lead conservative lives, but Republicans have never had the credibility to reach them."

Unfortunately, Lucas has an uphill battle against incumbent Democratic Governor James Blanchard. Blanchard raised state taxes by 38 per cent and increased spending by 20 per cent, or double the federal rate; jobs and industry are still fleeing over the border. But the governor's upbeat image and the effects of an improved national economy foster complacency. Republican efforts to convert apathy to activism have been hindered by bad campaign advice from the state GOP's dominant liberal wing and Lucas's own relaxed style.

If Ronald Reagan's résumé reads like a Hollywood script, so does Lucas's. His mother took in washing to raise her Catholic family; Lucas's sister is a nun, and his brother, a pistol-packing priest, runs a tough parochial school in Harlem. Lucas himself worked as a teacher, welfare officer, and New York City cop before graduating from Fordham Law School in 1962. After two years as a civil-rights attorney, he joined the FBI as a special agent. Lucas still speaks of his admiration for J. Edgar Hoover, but, as *Detroit News* columnist Pete Waldmeir put it, in those days, "a black dude had better talk better than Harry Belafonte and dance better than Sammy Davis Jr." if he ever hoped to impress the director. Years before affirmative action, there's no doubt Lucas made it the hard way.

After five years in the FBI, and a year as deputy sheriff, he was elected sheriff of Wayne County (where Detroit is located) in 1969, remaining in that post until he was elected Wayne County Executive in 1982. In the meantime, he and his wife, Evelyn, raised five children, most of whom are doctors.

In 1977, Lucas was one of five men on the Carter Administration's short list for FBI director—his only previous flirtation with big-league politics. But his success in rescuing bankrupt Wayne County, a perpetual budgetary basket case, won him statewide attention. Soft-spoken but tough, he canceled part of the county's massive debt to the state and started paying off the rest. Three years later, Wayne runs a modest surplus.

Lucas, however, was far down the queue of potential statewide candidates in the overloaded Democratic Party. Some charged him with opportunism when he switched parties in May 1985 after many longing gazes from state Republicans and a White House meeting with Vice President Bush. State Democratic chairman Rick Weiner called him "an ingrate." But given his views, a simpler interpretation is that the conservative lawman was being left behind by increasingly left-leaning Democrats.

Despite the ardent courting by Republican leaders, when he declared for governor in December, Lucas found himself in the ideological middle of a four-man primary. His most serious opponent was Dick Chrysler, an erratic self-made millionaire, a conservative, and a supply-sider. Chrysler spent a record $3.5 million on the primary, $3.3 million out of his own pocket.

By late July, on the eve of the primary, Lucas trailed Chrysler by a critical half-dozen points in the polls. But,

Mr. Masty is a Detroit-based newspaper columnist.

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Americans, blacks want to be addressed on pocketbook issues, in a way that assumes they are capable human beings. But in the raw environment of the ghetto, where not even the most basic features of civilized life can be taken for granted, social issues *are* the pocketbook issues. A commitment to dealing with social breakdown in the ghetto and moral decay in the country at large may be precisely what the black electorate is waiting for.

The black establishment today is in disarray, and black activism is stagnating. At the annual board meeting of the NAACP in February, executive director Benjamin Hooks was, according to the *New York Times*, "expected to outline a long-range agenda to deal with some of the complex issues confronting blacks." Instead, he found himself answering "charges that the 77-year-old organization was foundering under his leadership of the last eight years." Incessant criticism of Ronald Reagan, praise for the welfare state, and other items of left-wing dogma are all that is left of the black agenda. The major civil-rights victory of the last several years was the defeat of William Bradford Reynolds's nomination in 1985. This year, the black establishment's major policy initiative—sanctions against South Africa—does not even attempt to address the problems of the American black community. For its part, the Democratic Party has nothing to offer beyond the agenda of the black establishment, and it isn't all that good at delivering even that. Faced with the Jackson candidacy, it gave the vice presidential nod to a white political nonentity because she was a woman. The black/Democratic alliance is running on nostalgia. History shows that nostalgia can work for a long time, but only as long as it remains unchallenged.

The window of opportunity is wide open for conservatives and for the GOP. To effect a permanent realignment and prevent the resurgence of the Democratic Party, Republican candidates during the next election cycle will need black votes. They should be guided by the eternal injunction: "Seek and ye shall find." □

S. J. MASTY

already hampered by two former wives and rumors of questionable business dealings, Chrysler was charged, in a last-minute *Detroit News* exposé, with keeping his employees at work while they collected unemployment benefits. Chrysler's rhetoric on boot-strap capitalism soured overnight, and Lucas won by as many points as he had been behind the week before.

Recent elections suggest that, in Michigan, Republicans can win only by running as tough conservatives—particularly on the social issues—to draw out Michigan's socially traditional Democratic voters. Lucas's platform seemed a likely success: He's against abortion, against affirmative action, for tough welfare reforms, and for a constitutional amendment capping property taxes at 2.5 per cent instead of their current high of 8 per cent. While opposed to the death penalty, he's for jailing egregious offenders without parole. He does differ from Reaganite conservatives on one important matter—South African sanctions—but, then, so does nearly everyone running for office this year.

There are, however, two real weaknesses in his pursuit of conservative Democratic votes. On the state income tax, he comes dangerously close to being indistinguishable from the governor. Lucas wants to cut the 4.6 per cent rate to "4 per cent at least," while Blanchard, already wallowing in surplus, wants it cut to 4.4 per cent. Few voters notice the difference.

His failure to be aggressive on taxes reflects a more serious problem of style. The challenger needs to go on the offensive; Lucas doesn't like to offend. His North Carolina-based consultant, Walter deVries, a registered Democrat and supposed expert on ticket-splitting, says of the campaign: "It's going to be unique and uplifting rather than a negative thing . . . Bill's message is bigger than picking on the mediocrity [of the incumbent]."

During the 1986 state convention, Lucas was persuaded to omit tax-cut rhetoric from his acceptance speech. That move, as *Detroit News* editorial-page editor Tom Bray wrote, "signaled a new deference to the Milliken-Romney wing of the party, which is uneasy with the social issues favored by the Christian Right and doubtful that tax-cutting is the 'responsible thing to do.'" Meanwhile, Lucas picked State Senator Alan Cropsey, a Pat Robertson fundamentalist, as his candidate for attorney general. After a call from liberal Republican former governor Bill Milliken urging Lucas to back away, Cropsey withdrew.

THE ADVICE Lucas has been getting from GOP liberals focuses on style rather than on substance, but the effect is devastating. He avoids attacking on the issues and concentrates, as in his lackluster television commercials, on urging voters to elect him "and make history."

"If you're the challenger you have to carry the fight to your opponent. But Bill Lucas gives lethargy a whole new meaning," says Oakland County Prosecutor L. Brooks Patterson, a one-time gubernatorial candidate and a conservative bellwether. "He's the nicest man I know—soft-spoken, always proper, laid-back. Unfortunately the campaign has taken on his attributes."

In response to such criticisms, some Lucas staffers seem unable to distinguish between "gutter politics" and legitimate aggressiveness. "He's got to weigh his approach or he could come off too forceful and disappoint a lot of his supporters," says Bill Johnson, the campaign press secretary. But even if his advisors would tell him what it takes to lead voters on an uphill cavalry charge, Lucas might find it dispositionally impossible to do so. Handsome, smart, and packed with charm and integrity, Bill Lucas risks stumbling over his own poise.

On the other hand, Lucas has few real enemies, an almost magical knack for pulling votes from nowhere, and astonishingly good luck. When he was a New York City cop, three times guns were drawn on him and triggers were pulled. All three times the guns jammed. Somebody up there likes him. □

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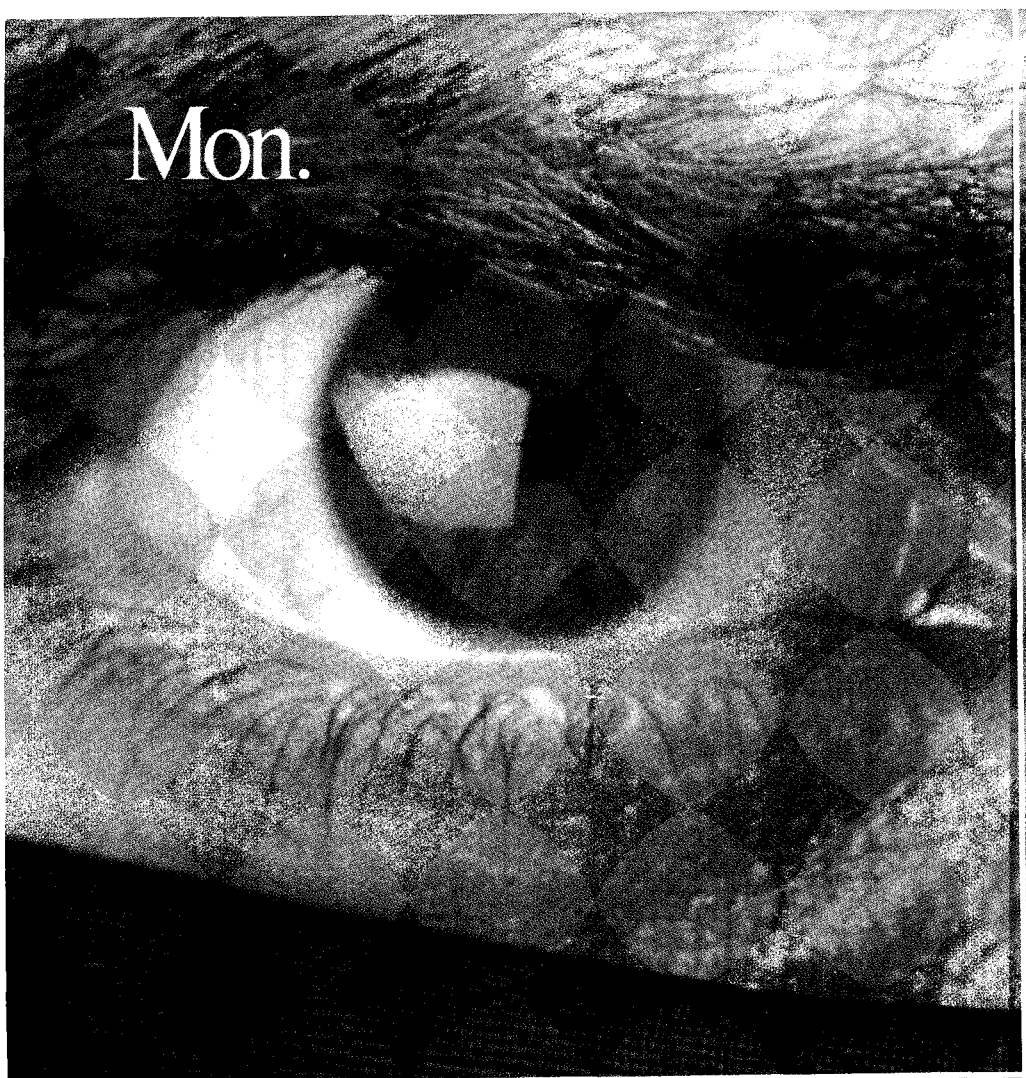

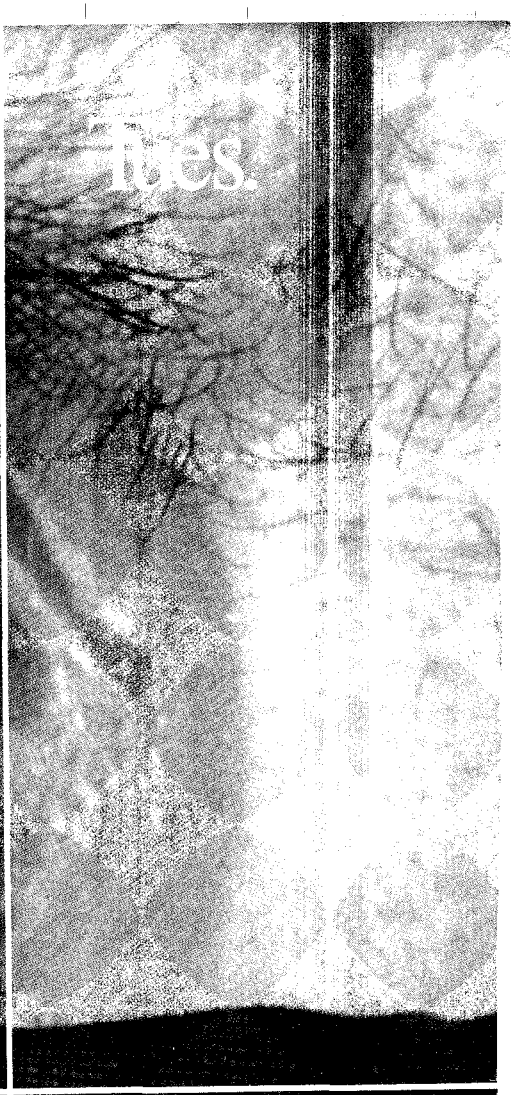

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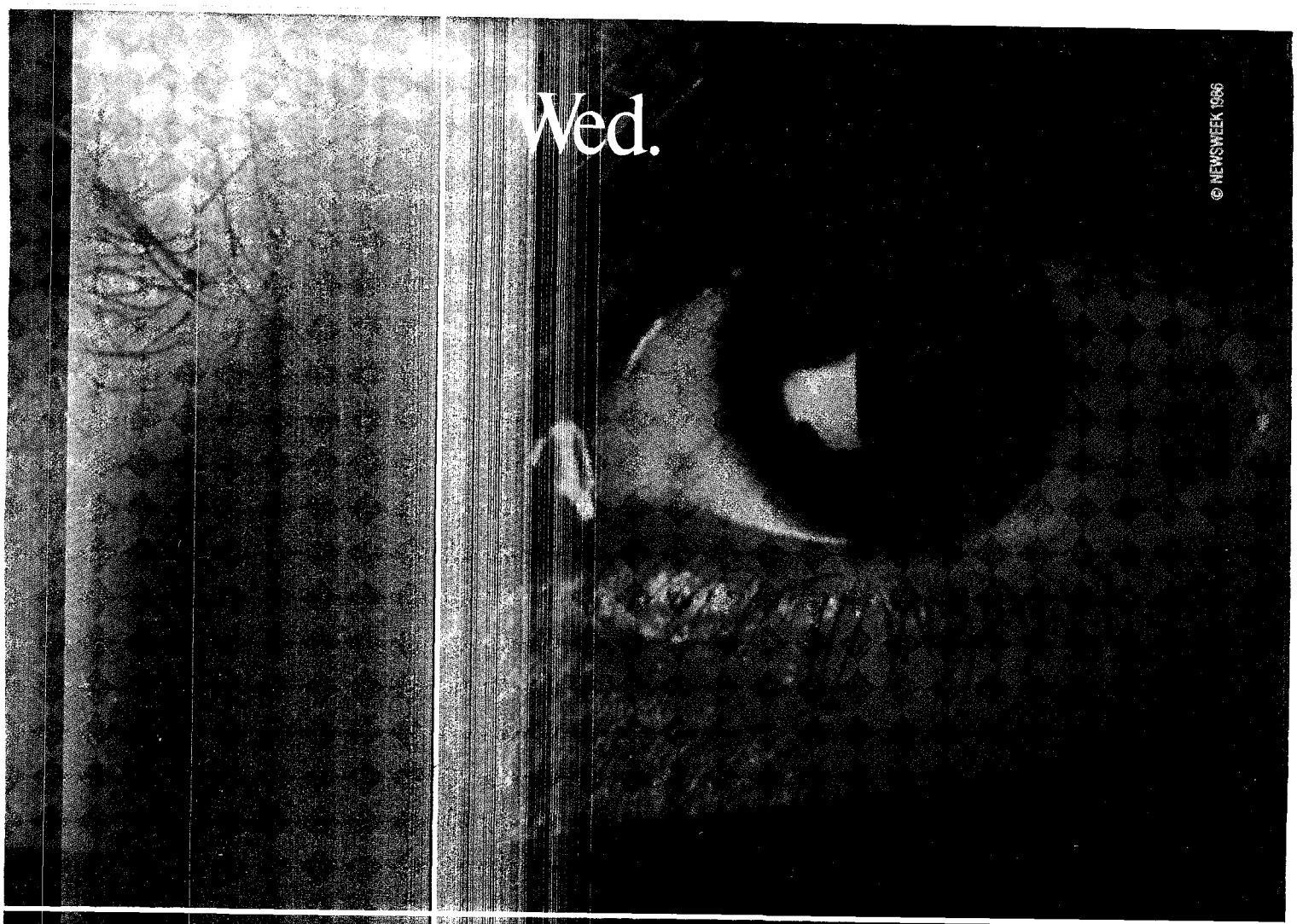

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THE RICHES OF THE ORIENT

On our last day in Taipei, on the island of Taiwan, I attended a breakfast meeting at the Grand Hotel with a small group of fellow junketeers. Our guest and speaker was Dr. Yu-ming Shaw, the director of the Chengchi University Institute of International Relations. Born in Mainland China, he moved to Taiwan in 1948. Later he studied at the University of Chicago and taught at Notre Dame.

Like South Korea, Hong Kong, and Japan, the Republic of China (as Taiwan is correctly called) has been doing so well economically that an explanation is overdue. Taipei (population four and a half million in the metropolitan area) certainly seemed to be growing before our eyes. One hot Sunday afternoon a thousand jack-hammers were splitting eardrums downtown as work on a new subway proceeded overtime. No doubt the project will be finished ahead of schedule. Taiwan's growth rate approaches 9 per cent this year.

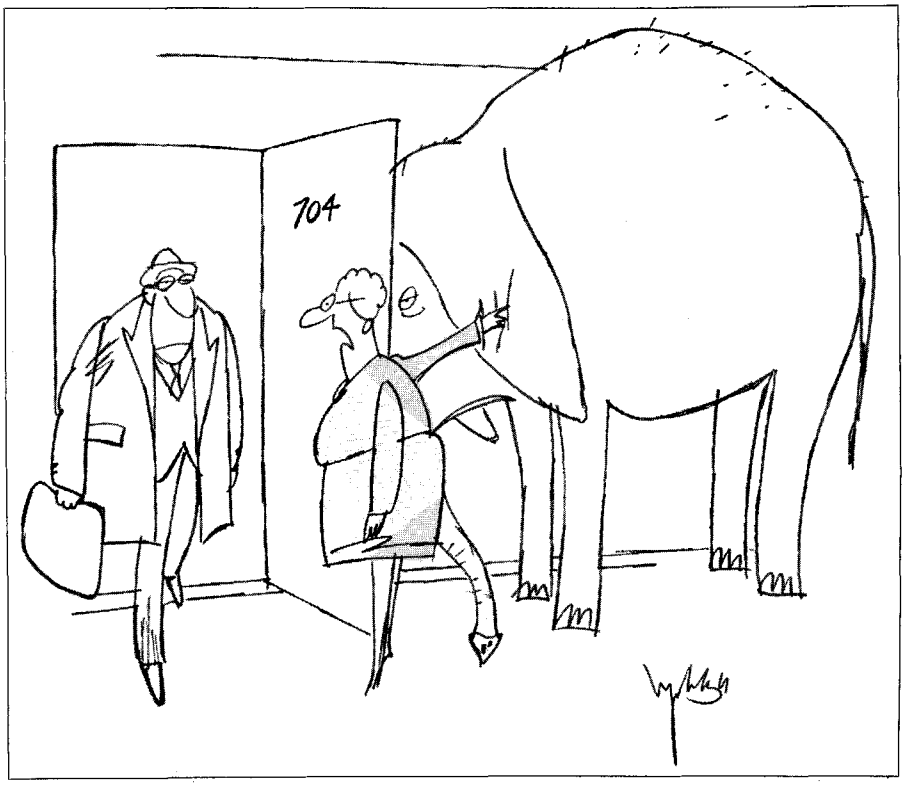
Something kept everyone hard at work. Dr. Shaw assured us it was the "Confucian ethic": an underlying philosophy of self-reliance (or, failing that, family reliance), frugality, and industriousness. All very well, I thought, but how could the sayings of Confucius, who lived 2,500 years ago, exert such a benign and long-range influence? I was reminded of the Protestant ethic to which Max Weber, early in this century, attributed the nineteenth-century capitalist success in Western Europe. Weber's idea is that European countries prospered because prosperity, previously suspect, in fact considered an impediment to salvation ("Woe unto you that are rich"), suddenly became socially and morally acceptable, a sign of virtue. Indeed, Weber argued, in the Calvinist scheme it was a sign of "election."

Can this really be right? Or were there perhaps structural (legal) changes, both in post-Reformation Europe and in post-World War II East Asia, making it more rational to spend the day working hard?

With much of the world mired in foreign aid, foreign debt, nineteenth-century socialism, or Islamic havoc, it is important to find an answer to these questions. The attempt to create wealth by the redistribution of wealth already created has produced starvation in Africa. The response has been to demand more redistribution. Mrs. Aquino called for independence but in the end came begging to the United States. The illusion persists that money creates wealth. Even as I write, the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund (IMF) are meeting in Washington, D.C., their officers paying themselves tax-free salaries and attending one another's cocktail parties.

Prominent political actors on the world stage show that they have either learned nothing or forgotten what they learned. In his maiden speech as president of the World Bank, Barber Conable said we should "restrain overpopulation," "protect the environment," and "ensure that women are fully integrated in, contribute to, and benefit from development programs." (Read Conable's speech before repeating that conservatives are winning the war of ideas.) On the opening day of the IMF-World Bank annual meeting, President Reagan proclaimed himself in favor of "growth," adding tautologically that this depended on "growth-oriented policies." This begged the question of what causes growth. Communism until recently was thought of as "growth oriented."

We played devil's advocate to Dr. Shaw's Confucius. Why didn't Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists succeed on the



"Forgive me, dear. I went to a white-elephant sale."

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Chinese mainland between 1926 and 1949? Where was the Confucian ethic then? True, as someone said, there was Methodism in Chiang's madness. But then again, why did Communism subsequently prevail in a country so steeped in the wisdom of the gentle sage?

In the hotel I picked up a book entitled *Confucius Says*. The Master surely had not anticipated a market economy. Indeed, his sayings are usually appropriate to the command economy that existed in China when he lived, and has existed ever since: "The Master said, 'In guiding a state of a thousand chariots, approach your duties with reverence . . . employ the labor of the common people only in the right seasons.' "

Confucius addressed a hierarchical society with a ruler commanding subordinates. Such a feudal structure is compatible with Communism but not with the free market, which is based on agreement, consent—a presumed equality of status between contracting parties.

Later I visited the Confucian temple in Taipei. It shed little light on the work ethic. Photographs in the empty shrine depicted rituals with government officials in attendance. Here, for example, was the Burial of the Blood and Hair of the Sacrificial Animal; there, Bang the Drum Holy. Dancers were doing the Hare Krishna. After half an hour I went out into the busy, scooter-infested streets with their very Western neon signs and was delighted to find a market where they were selling $25 "Rolex" watches.

OH, I KNOW about tax rates. We had supply-siders in our group, and you can guess we unearthed the local tax code before you could say "Price Waterhouse." The underlying supply-side theory here is true so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Confiscatory taxation will crush an economy, but the whole presumption that a government can take too much depends on a prior assumption of possession or ownership: property rights. Taxation must be subordinate to property, in evaluating economic failure or success. If property ownership has been undermined, or forbidden, as a matter of state policy, then tax rates are irrelevant.

Supply-siders have assumed that immobilized Third World economies are like cars with flat tires, when in fact many of them have missing wheels, not to mention cylinders and gear boxes. With some countries one hardly dares look under the hood. On this analogy, World Bank and IMF officials can't bring themselves to discuss anything more fundamental than the interior upholstery: to do so would antagonize the socialists in their midst (who are nostalgic about the horse and carriage).

Supply-siders have assumed that immobilized Third World economies are like cars with flat tires, when in fact many of them have missing wheels, not to mention cylinders and gear boxes

One of the great truths neglected by economists is that some variables are more fundamental than others. If a properly functioning economy is to emerge, the more basic structures must come first. One of the most fundamental is the right to own property. In Taiwan and South Korea, not to mention Japan, property rights really have been established. (This is less clearly the case in the Philippines, which we also visited. Here everything still seems to be up for grabs politically.)

How was this achieved in (say) Taiwan? In our meetings with various officials, we more than once heard the lament that they no longer had access to World Bank or IMF assistance, and of course U.S. foreign aid was cut off long ago. Yet, gazing out over the booming city of Taipei, one had the impression that economic growth and development were properly ordered, and that as a preliminary to building the city the appropriate legal foundations of property rights had been laid. By contrast, grandiose projects financed with external capital or foreign aid will nearly always lack the proper foundations in law. Skyscrapers without foundations will soon topple, and that is what is happening in U.S.- and World Bank-aided countries all over the world. Taiwan's semi-pariah status has benefited it. U.S.-aided countries are like children who were told they could run to development before walking constitutionally, and now, flat on their faces, they are understandably resentful of their Western instructors, who never did understand the faltering steps taken in earlier centuries by their own countries.

The great question for development economics today is: What are the social, cultural, or religious conditions that must prevail in a country before property rights can be established and secured? But no one is asking it, because property is still considered too controversial to mention, let alone to posit as the indispensable foundation of economic growth. It is not clear, for example, that White House chief of staff Donald Regan would permit a reference to, or see the relevance of, property rights in a speech by the President. One is startled today to come across a reference to property rights in any speech or article by a public figure. When such rights are mentioned the context is usually odd —the property rights of owners of abortion clinics, for example (defended these days by bishops who are otherwise inclined to excoriate property); or as an adjunct to women's rights. (Barber Conable mentioned in his recent speech that whereas women "do two-thirds of the world's work," they "own less than 1 per cent of the world's property.")

The usual suspects will tell you that the economic success of Taiwan, Korea, and Japan was grounded in the post-World War II land reform in all three countries. To examine this further, some of us visited the Land Reform Museum in Taipei. We soon discovered that the much-vaunted Taiwan land reform was in large measure a privatization program, which could have been devised by Stuart Butler of

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the Heritage Foundation and implemented by Mrs. Thatcher. The vanquished Japanese, having ruled Taiwan for forty years, returned to their country, and the sizable public lands they had administered were sold off to the Taiwanese.

Other, privately held land was redistributed to tenants, but the beneficiaries were given full title, which they could resell to the highest bidder after ten years. Previous owners were recompensed. Perhaps most important, the redistribution of land was part and parcel of a transition of power (from the Japanese to Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang) and was not likely to be repeated: A government that rearranges property ownership destabilizes all property values, because a government that seizes arbitrary power once may be tempted to do so again.

YET, THE MORE one considers the problem, the more one realizes that "property" and "property rights" do not correctly express the key idea underlying the free-market economy. Slaves are property, after all. "Property rights" existed in ancient Rome, but not for all. And today any number of Islamic scholars are ready to tell you that the Koran gives its blessing to property rights. But in both ancient Rome and modern Islam only the property of a privileged few is really secure. Likewise, despite the underlying socialist hostility to property, members of the ruling hierarchy in Communist countries do enjoy relatively secure property tenure (subject to uncertainty during transitions of power).

Property rights should be thought of rather as a right to the equal protection of the laws—sometimes called the rule of law. This means that laws should apply equally to all. Put another way, they should be like the rules that define a game and apply to all who play it, not like commands determining which side is to win the game (or, as the modern obsession with equality of result would dictate, determining that a "just" game must end in a tie). The equal application of the laws to all citizens, including (especially) the government officials who enact them, will tend to protect property rights and limit government to its appropriate role as umpire. Rule-like laws will discourage the use of force and fraud, either by one citizen against another, or by the government against the citizenry: Legislators are most unlikely to enact Draconian laws that apply to themselves.

The conclusion, or discovery, stares right back at us. But it is hard to see because conservatives have resisted it for so long, assuming it to have been the possession of the Left since the French Revolution. Underlying the rule of law we find: equality.

Liberty and equality indeed do come in a package. I mean, of course, equality of rights, or equality of status. This underlying belief in equality is essential if exchange, contracts, and free prices are to be permitted in society. There has to be a belief that all are equally capable of knowing what is in their best interest and should therefore be permitted to act in pursuit of that interest.

Once the presumption is established that some citizens are inferior to others, or are somehow disadvantaged, then contracts and free prices, which are nothing more than agreements, will cease to be the dominant mode of transaction in that society; they will be replaced by command and coercion.

We know that certified lunatics and minors are debarred from entering into contracts. Less obvious is the attempt to extend the scope and definition of the contractually incapable. The economic status of consumers at the time of the "energy crisis" was assumed to be so inferior to that of oil companies that legislators tried to make things fairer by enacting price controls on oil. The result was that those who wanted to exchange a dollar for a gallon of gasoline were legally debarred from doing so. Like lunatics, such consumers only imagined this exchange to be in their self-interest. The New Class of bureaucrats and legislators who imposed the price controls was the precise modern equivalent of the medieval clerisy who furnished the rationale for "just" prices.

The characteristic activities of the modern liberal (i.e., illiberal) state can almost be defined as the struggle to expand the number of groups whose "underprivileged" status entitles them to privileged treatment—thereby denying the right of contract to those with whom they come into contact. In the last fifty years in the U.S. there has been a relentless and growing war on contract by those who, however unconsciously, seek to reverse what the English legal historian Sir Henry Maine called (in the 1860s) the "movement of progressive societies . . . from status to contract."

"Chester was mad at the Fifties, the Sixties, and the Seventies. The Eighties are on hold."

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Socialism, in retrospect, will surely look more and more like a reactionary, albeit camouflaged, attempt to restore a society based on status, in which a credentialed elite was empowered to rule by interference on behalf of those with accredited victim status, like referees empowered to interfere constantly in a game of football to ensure the score remains a tie.

Socialism, in retrospect, will surely look more and more like a reactionary attempt to restore a society based on status, in which a credentialed elite was empowered to rule on behalf of those with accredited victim status

Universal property rights, hence a productive economy, depend therefore on a widespread acceptance of the idea that "all men are created equal." Such a consensus will be impossible in a nation where religious belief is so fervent as to break down the "wall of separation" between church and state; that is, to permit the capture of government by clergy. Their irresistible temptation will be to use force to save souls, and the rule of law will rapidly give way to despotism. Property and contract will totter, capital will wither away. This is the principal cause of the material failure of Islamic countries. It explains the huge gap that opened up between Christendom (in which the rule of law finally evolved in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries) and Islam, which by some accounts has tended to become more arbitrary, despotic, and theocratic as the centuries have passed, certainly more so than in Mohammed's day.

In present-day Iran, to take what may be an extreme case, the religious authority of the mullahs "trumps" the civil rights of citizens, and life, liberty, and property are none of them secure. "The mullahs have ordered the merchants to serve time at the front," Mujahedin spokesman Ali Safavi reported recently in the *New York Times*. "Truck drivers must go to the front to be eligible to purchase tires. The Ayatollah's Revolutionary Guards do not even spare street vendors and peddlers." ("War is a divine blessing," the Ayatollah Khomeini said a few years ago. The speaker of the Iranian "parliament" added: "The war is our very existence.")

Possessed of equal rights in theory, Mohammedans are far from equal in practice. Religions such as Hinduism—which do not even accept the theoretical equality of men, but countenance higher and lower castes, expressing presumptive virtue or sinfulness in earlier incarnations—are even more hostile to the rule of law. Capitalism and a general prosperity will not appear where there are Brahmans and Untouchables.

During the Spanish Inquisition, dead people were sometimes accused of heresy, prosecuted, and their bodies exhumed and burned. Inherited property was then confiscated from their descendants. Even those who had bought property from such accused heretics were sometimes forced to hand it over to the Holy Office. Obviously property rights will be so insecure in such a climate that commercial ventures with long horizons will be undertaken with trepidation, if at all.

From such examples it is easy to see that religious toleration is one of the most important preconditions for the establishment of the rule of law. Law protects the weak, who are particularly vulnerable and exposed when religious certitude is mingled with civil power. Not coincidentally, John Locke's letter "Concerning Toleration," i.e., religious toleration, was written at about the same time as his second essay "Concerning Civil Government," perhaps the best-known blueprint for the establishment of property and the rule of law. In fact, Locke's argument for religious toleration could easily have been incorporated into his charter for civil government.

"The care of souls cannot belong to the civil magistrate," he wrote (about 1689), "because his power consists only in outward force; but true and saving religion consists in the inward persuasion of the mind, without which nothing can be acceptable to God. And such is the nature of the understanding, that it cannot be compelled to the belief of anything by outward force." His argument was for better religion, not better government. Nonetheless the former does yield the latter, and material prosperity into the bargain.

In the Far East today one has a strong sense of the underlying equality of status that is so indispensable to the rule of law; one's perception is of a huge middle class moving forward in unison. The evident racial homogeneity no doubt plays an important role here. If people can see that they are more or less the same as one another, they are no doubt more disposed to treat one another with an equal respect.

Clearly, also, religious toleration (bordering, some would say, on indifference) has contributed to the tranquillity and prosperity of the region. Nonetheless, the mutual respect and general civility upon which the rule of law must ultimately rest depend on the maintenance of morality. And just as, in Khomeini's Islam and the Spanish Inquisition, one sees religion without morality, so perhaps in Confucianism one can find the moral groundwork that is needed to inculcate a general sense of equality among men.

In Christianity this is best summarized by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

Tzu-kung asked Confucius: "Is there a single word which can be a guide to conduct throughout one's life?" The Master said: "It is perhaps the word *shu*. Do not impose on others what you yourself do not desire."

Perhaps there is something to the Confucian ethic after all. If so, this is where it is to be found. Such precepts, if widely accepted, will yield a general morality, hence the rule of law, hence the equality of rights, hence property rights, hence prosperity, hence the luxury of being able to contemplate such matters while being served by white-gloved waiters at a breakfast meeting in the Grand Hotel, Taipei. □

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"Moses and the true believers: Charlton Heston hovers over Nancy Reagan and William F. Buckley at the Plaza."—**M**

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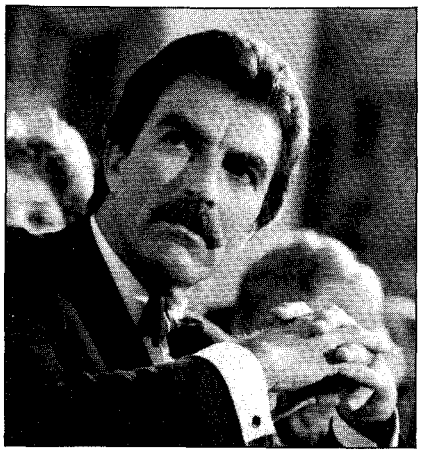
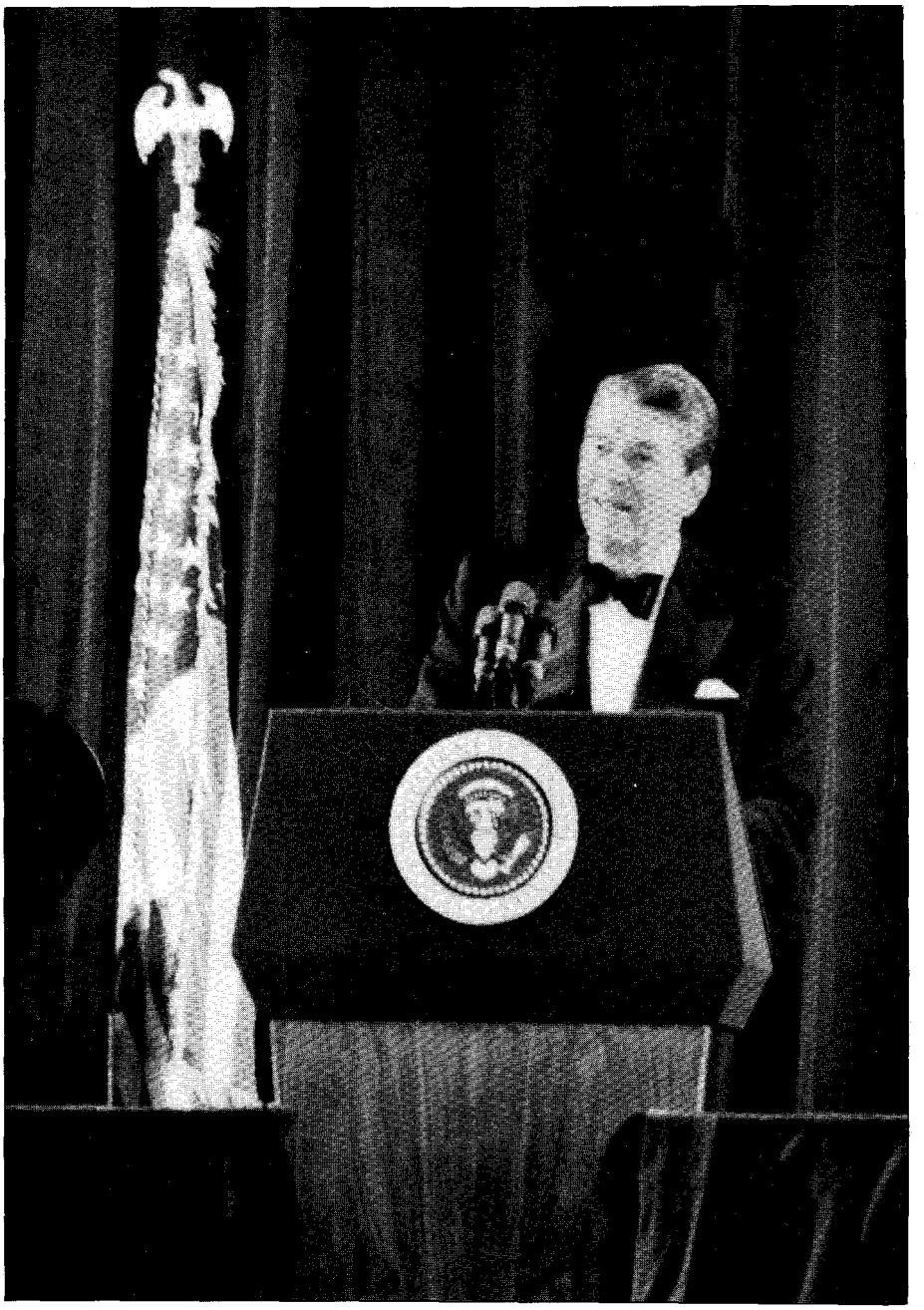


Top: Congressman Jack Kemp—"In twentieth-century America, who says 'conservatism' says National Review."

Bottom: "The gathering was a Who's Who of conservatism—supplemented by neoconservatives, a few journalists, and Tom Selleck."
—**The Washington Post**

Right: "The man standing before you now was a Democrat when he picked up his first issue in a plain brown wrapper; and even now, as an occupant of public housing, he awaits as anxiously as ever his biweekly edition—without the wrapper."



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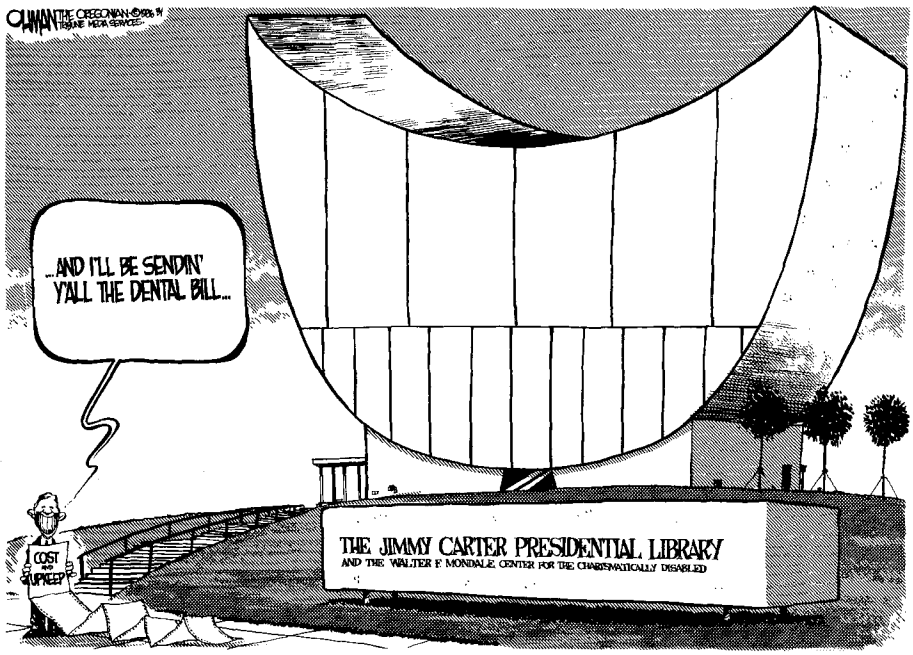
When J. P. Morgan cornered corn,
  A breathless *Wall Street Journal*
Reported that the financier
  Had swept up every kernel.
With oil awash around the world,
  Those Arab sugar daddies
May have to corner camels as
  We rediscover Caddies.

W. H. VON DREELE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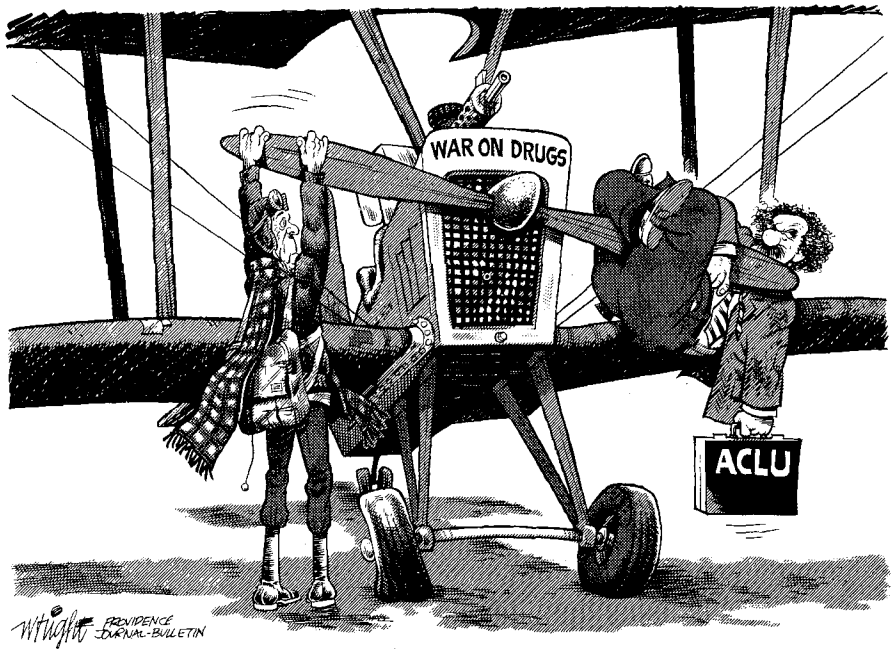

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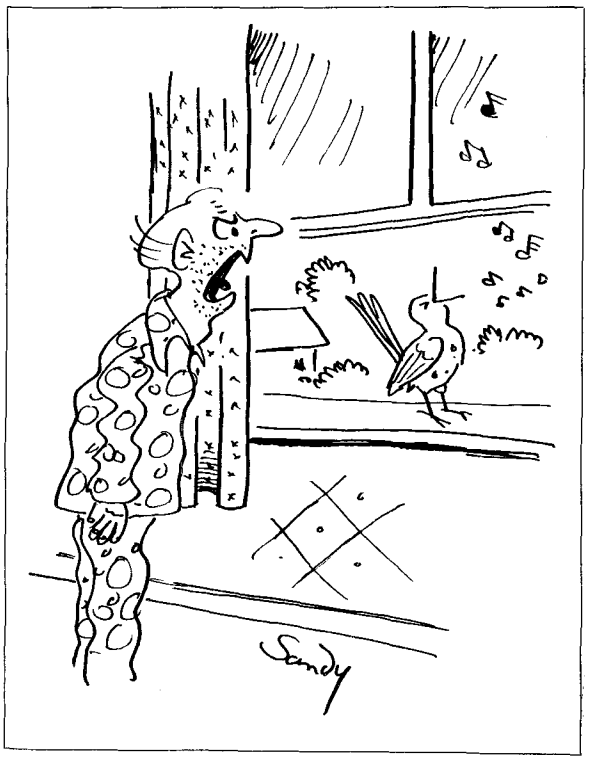
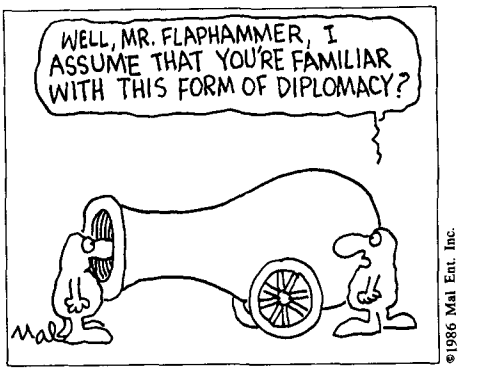
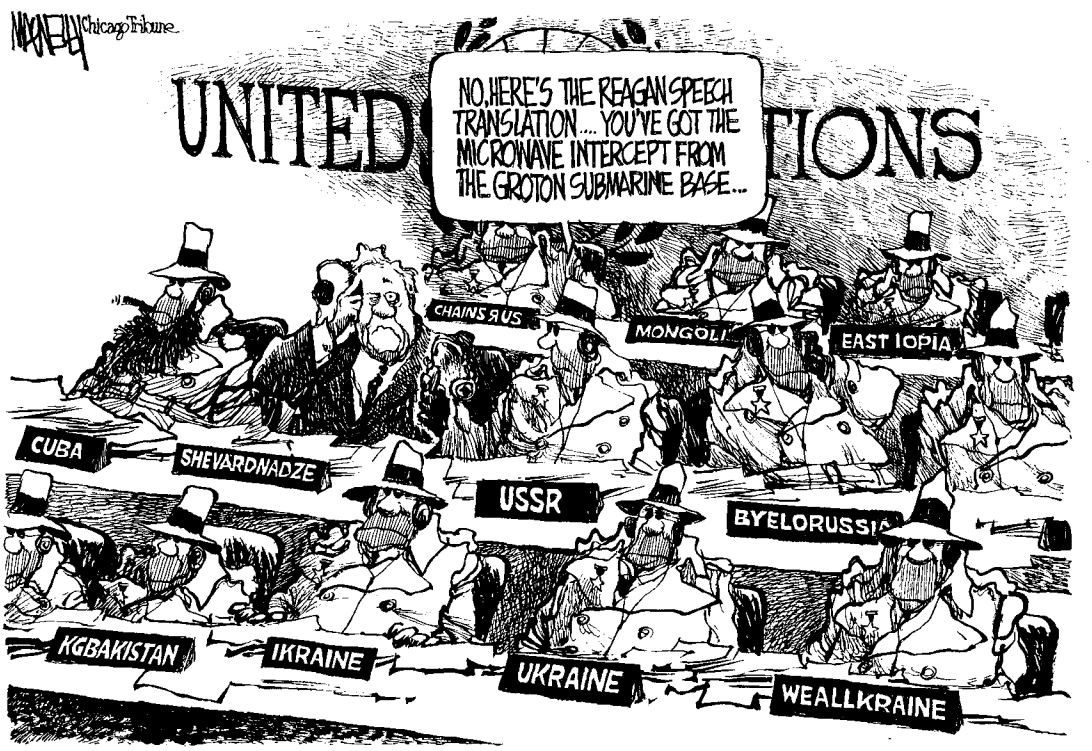


"You tried to cheer me up last *Monday and it didn't work then either."*





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ABROAD

JOHANNESBURG *Flight*

Economic sanctions and the increasing violence in South Africa are driving white South Africans with British passports—or claims to them—to leave the country in increasing numbers. There are 800,000 such South Africans, many of them highly qualified professionals. Recent monthly figures show 1,354 emigrants, as opposed to 523 immigrants, with nearly all those leaving going to Britain or Australia. All told, six thousand whites are expected to leave South Africa this year. Many more would probably leave were it not for currency restrictions. Each family is allowed to take out 100,000 rands in assets, but only in the so-called financial rand, worth half the regular rand, which has itself fallen drastically in value in the past two years. The financial rand is now worth less than twenty cents U.S.

BELGRADE *A Train That Did*

Neighboring Albania has ceased to be the only country in Europe without a railroad. A 16-mile stretch of track between Titograd in Montenegro and Shkodra in northern Albania was inaugurated recently, and Albanian raw materials such as chrome ore can now be shipped to world markets. Under the longtime rule of the Communist tyrant Enver Hoxha, Albania had been the most isolated country in the world. It continued to follow a strict Stalinist line after Yugoslavia broke with the Soviet Union in 1948, and then, in 1961, switched to an alliance with Red China, the only European Communist country to do so. Now that Hoxha is dead, the successor government is cautiously investigating what lies beyond its frontiers. The official Yugoslav news agency commented that if the Albanian leadership had not chosen Stalin over Tito, this piece of railroad could have been inaugurated 35 years ago.

CANTON *First Again*

The great South China port of Canton has become once again the country's principal exporter. In the nineteenth century, Canton was the port of entry for most Western traders, including those from the United States. But in recent times, Canton languished until it received a new impetus to foreign trade in the late 1970s. For the first half of this year, exports from Canton Province rose by 46.7 per cent, to $1.8 billion (in the rest of the People's Republic, by contrast, exports rose only 13.7 per cent, to $12.8 billion). At the same time the Canton region has been the focus of 60 per cent of all foreign investment in China, most of it from Chinese in Hong Kong, who have put in a total of $2.3 billion. Emigration from Canton began with the opening of Chinese ports at the end of the Opium War 144 years ago. Since then, an estimated thirty million Chinese have left for Southeast Asia, the West Coast of North America, Europe, and Latin America. Today the descendants of these groups are playing a part in China's growth both through direct investment and joint development projects, and by serving as conduits between China and other markets of the Pacific Basin. They have been in large measure responsible for carrying the export level of Canton ahead of those of both Shanghai and Liaoning, former leaders in the field. The semi-annual Canton Fair has reasserted its position as the major feature of China's trade program; it will remain so as long as there is a need for foreign exchange. Visitors to the fair today stay in luxury hotels, dine in French restaurants, and ride in limousine taxis.

RHEIMS *Homing In*

The craze for hot-air ballooning that swept the United States has spread to France, coming full circle and leaving France in the awkward position of having to import examples of its native technology. Balloon champion Hélène Dorigny suddenly realized that the manufacturing of *montgolfières*—as balloons are known, after their eighteenth-century developers—scarcely existed in her native country. In 1984 she set up a balloon atelier near here and contacted American makers for licenses and experience. The first French balloon was delivered last year, and since then the workshop has turned out forty of them. Special care is required in the design of the envelopes, which in almost every case are decorated with advertising slogans. The gondolas are made elsewhere in France; the burners are still imported from the United States. The balloons range in size from a one-person ship with 780 cubic yards of hot-air capacity to ten-person ships with 7,800 cubic yards. The most popular balloon is halfway in between, capable of lifting five passengers. Each balloon of this type costs 100,000 to 150,000 francs ($15,400 to $23,100), according to the complexity of the design and the color of the envelope. The business has its peculiar hazards. Mme. Dorigny doesn't like to talk about an evening last July when she took off from the square in front of the great Gothic pile of Rheims cathedral. Her balloon, caught in a sudden gust of wind, stuck on one of the cathedral's spires.

Fisher, *Punch* / Rothco

"I am *thinking about you—I'm also thinking about zero-coupon treasury-note futures."*

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THE DEATH OF TRUTH

BACK IN THE 1970s, a theory emerged in academic paleontology about the death of the dinosaurs, and this theory received immense publicity. Supposedly, dust clouds from the crash of a big meteorite blocked the sun's rays for a number of years. Plants died, and the dinosaurs starved.

Now, this theory had its obvious political uses. The notion of a "nuclear winter" was being popularized by Carl Sagan, Jonathan Schell, and many others. The dust clouds raised by a nuclear war would do to us what the dust raised by the supposed meteorite did to the dinosaurs.

It now turns out that the meteorite hypothesis was rejected by 96 per cent of academic paleontologists, who knew that the dinosaurs had died out over too long a period for the catastrophe theory to be true. But the scientists did not say so publicly. The bogus catastrophe theory was too valuable to the campaign for a nuclear freeze, which was then sweeping the American campus. The scientists remained silent. Now that the nuclear-freeze idea has at least temporarily passed from the scene, 96 per cent say they reject the meteorite theory.

Also, during the 1970s, there was a lot of controversy about the relationship between genes and intelligence. Harvard's Richard Herrnstein and Berkeley's Arthur Jensen argued in print that heredity was an important factor. They received virtually no support from their academic colleagues and were shouted down while trying to speak on campus. A recent study, reported in *The Public Interest*, demonstrates that most specialists in the field believe that heredity is very important. But they would not at the time say so publicly. They practiced self-censorship for political reasons, centered on the IQ scores of blacks.

When President Reagan proposed SDI, Richard Garwin—a nuclear physicist who has done a great deal of work in fields related to defense technology—said immediately: "It won't work." Senator Kennedy described the plan as "reckless" and dubbed it "Star Wars." Robert McNamara called it "pie in the sky."

Almost immediately, the American academy sprang to the support of these negative conclusions. Thirty-seven hundred professors signed a petition declaring that they would not work on SDI. Cornell's Nobel laureate in physics, Hans Bethe—whose branch of physics has nothing to do with defense technology—said, "It won't work." The Union of Concerned Scientists issued a long report concluding that an anti-missile defense is "unattainable."

This report is an extraordinarily interesting document of contemporary academic culture. It said that SDI would require 2,400 satellites, each as expensive as an aircraft carrier; that the satellites would have to weigh forty thousand tons; that the power needed for the lasers they would carry would equal 60 per cent of the total power output of the United States; and that, anyway, the Soviets could easily foil any such defenses. As it happens, every one of these statements was scientifically false.

Robert Jastrow, the founder of NASA's Institute for Space Studies, began to hear rumblings from the professionals to the effect that the numbers in the Concerned Scientists' report were not right. Jastrow did some homework on the subject. He found that scientists who had been working on anti-missile defense for more than a decade had concluded that ninety satellites would do the job; in low orbit, 45 could do it.

In *How to Make Nuclear Weapons Obsolete*, Jastrow writes:

> The scientists who did these calculations for the Union of Concerned Scientists had exaggerated the number of satellites by a factor of about 25. . . . Apparently the members of the panel did begin to think more carefully about the matter later on . . . because in testimony before a congressional committee a Union of Concerned Scientists spokesman lowered his organization's estimate from 2,400 satellites to eight hundred satellites. In a book that came out later, the members of the panel lowered their estimate again, to three hundred satellites. In their most recent publication on the matter, they lowered their estimate once more, to 162 satellites. That was getting closer. Their answer, which started out at 2,400 satellites, seemed to be converging to a result in the neighborhood of one hundred satellites, which is where the professionals had pegged their results all the while.

We might call this the birth of the Jastrow Curve.

The UCS also reduced its estimate of the required weight of a satellite from forty thousand tons to 25 tons, admitting to a mistake on the order of a factor of 1,600. That is not just sloppy math. Scientific lying is being attempted, under respected academic auspices.

If these scientists were merely sloppy with their math, the errors would be randomly distributed. All of their errors point in one direction. They are not random errors.

LET US PUT all of this in historical perspective. Clearly, something is at work that is stronger than truth. The cause of academic freedom was fought and won during the nineteenth century over the scholarly study of the Bible. Some held that Scripture, as sacred, was exempt from inquiry. That side lost, and, indeed, inquiry has strengthened many of the claims of Scripture.

We are dealing today with a new resistance to truth, indeed with a will to deny the claims of truth. Once again, that denial is being made on the behalf of faith. This time, it is a political faith, a faith that requires some examination. □

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THE CATHOLIC MOMENT

IT IS AN idea I have been pushing now for several years. And of course it is always gratifying to see people picking up on an idea, even if it is distressing to see what they sometimes do with it. Consider, for example, William Lee Miller of the University of Virginia and his distinguished new book, *The First Liberty: Religion and the American Republic*.

Admittedly, I do not have a copyright on the idea of "the Catholic moment," but I can say what I have meant by it and why I think Mr. Miller and others may be taking it in unhelpful directions. All too briefly, I mean that this is the historical moment at which Roman Catholicism has a singular opportunity and obligation to take the lead in reconstructing a moral philosophy for the American experiment in republican democracy. That is a loaded sentence, to be sure, and, God willing, I will soon get to finishing a book that attempts to unpack it. One critical piece of the proposition is the manifest decline, if not collapse, of the Anglo-Saxon Protestant cultural hegemony in American life. The hegemony of "mainline" or "old-line" Protestantism has been on the skids for at least four decades, and its slide gives every appearance of being irreversible.

Another critical piece is the communal revival and public aggressiveness of the fundamentalism and evangelicalism that make up what is termed the Religious Right. The term is not a happy one; it puts the accent too much on the political. The better shorthand term is moral-majoritarianism. It is an ambitious effort to redefine what the American experiment is about. Moral-majoritarianism seeks to fill the vacuum created by the collapse (abdication?) of old-line Protestantism. All who care about a just and free society have, on balance, reason to wish it well.

But I, for one, hope moral-majoritarianism does not achieve a monopoly on culture-formative religion in American life. We should not, for example, give up on the old Protestant mainline, which may yet return from its self-exile in the religio-cultural wilderness. And there is American Judaism, small in number but great in influence, which may be getting ready to make its distinctively religious contribution to the ordering of our life together. But, most of all, there is Roman Catholicism, which brings us back to "the Catholic moment" and Mr. Miller.

Miller agrees with the basic analysis: "Now is the moment for Catholicism to have its desirable effect upon the America within which at last it is coming to be at home." Some Catholics may resent that, claiming that Catholicism proved it was "at home" in America with the election of John F. Kennedy. Meaning no offense to the dolts who disagree, that, of course, is nonsense. A quarter-century ago candidate Kennedy convinced the Baptist ministers of Houston and the slightest majority of voters that his Catholicism was not a threat because he was not much of a Catholic. Nonetheless, his election did shatter a popular inhibition, making possible the subsequent enculturation of Roman Catholicism in America.

Enculturation, the achievement of "at-homeness," is a mixed blessing. Many Catholics worry that enculturation has been achieved on what are essentially mainline Protestant terms. The argument can be made that the old Protestant cultural hegemony, far from having collapsed, has pulled off its greatest coup by bringing Roman Catholicism under its sway. I cannot prove it, but I must hope that this argument is wrong. If it is right, the "Americanization" of Catholicism will result in nothing more than another option in pluralism's cafeteria of privatized religiosity. If it is right, "American Catholicism" will turn out to mean Methodism with chasubles and a more internationalized bureaucracy. In that event, all of us, including those of us who are not Roman Catholic, will be the losers.

But according to Mr. Miller, the Catholic moment is jeopardized by that church's alignment with the "absolutistic simplicism" of the anti-abortion "crusade." I believe Mr. Miller has it entirely backward. Astute scholar though he is, his is the voice of the religio-cultural mainline, which argues that pluralism means that everybody should compromise its way.

THERE IS NO current debate that so drives to the heart of the meaning of the American experiment as the abortion debate. It is about much more than abortion. It is about who belongs to the community for which we accept common responsibility; and it is about how, within that community, we order rights and obligations. Far from representing "absolutistic simplicism," on these questions the Roman Catholic witness at its best offers a nuanced appreciation of complexity and a level of public reasoning that can elevate the otherwise debased moral discourse in American society. Of course, the Roman Catholic witness is not always at its best.

Regrettably, many Roman Catholics seem to agree with Mr. Miller. They tend to mute their witness on abortion, to make it respectable by subsuming it under an inclusive "pro-life agenda" of socially approved causes. They do not want to be associated with "those people," the culturally unwashed of moral-majoritarianism. For them, the Americanization of Catholicism means becoming like the mainline. They are social climbers aspiring to be accepted by a Protestant establishment already in eclipse. And that, contra William Lee Miller, is the main reason why the promise of the Catholic moment may yet be aborted. □

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PLAY THE PONIES–AND WIN!

David Brooks

The Cycles of American History, by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. (Houghton Mifflin, 473 pp., $18.95)

INTRODUCING WHAT he intends to be his crowning work, the historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. writes, "[Change] has left the experience of elders useless to the tribulations of the young. Children, knowing how different their own lives will be, no longer look to parents as models and authorities; rather, parents now learn from their children." Leaving the reader to wonder why he has just spent $19 on a book about the apparently irrelevent past.

Later, Schlesinger tries lamely to justify the expense: "Knowledge of what Americans have been through in earlier times will do us no harm as we grope through the darkness of our own days." That is hardly a ringing endorsement of the study of history. But it does point up the problem with Schlesinger's brand of progressive historicizing. For Schlesinger, the past is a necessary evil, the well-spent life being devoted to the cause of putting as much distance between us and it as possible.

Schlesinger's passion is progress, not history, and so he uses history against itself. He quotes our ancestors as authorities for changing the world that they helped create. If the authors of our Constitution really did endorse the idea of an intrusive Federal Government, as Schlesinger suggests, why must he trouble himself in 1986 to urge, say, a National Health Insurance program? Why didn't the Founders—apparently welfare-staters all—build the plan right in?

Schlesinger opens his chapter entitled "Affirmative Government and the American Economy" with a quotation from Ronald Reagan to the effect that government has been as much a hindrance as a help in solving our economic problems. What follows is a forty-page summation of American economic history organized around the thesis that Reagan's view is not only wrong but an aberration. Jefferson, he says, believed in activist government, as did Hamilton and Madison and Adams and so on. Schlesinger quotes Teddy Roosevelt as saying, "Every man holds his property subject to the general right of the community to regulate it to whatever degree the public welfare may require it," and we are almost persuaded that for its first 150 years America was ruled by budding Teddy Kennedys. Until, of course, we look at the facts, which indicate that during most of that time federal spending as a percentage of GNP hovered around 3 per cent, not today's 25 per cent. If American political leaders of the past would be appalled by Reagan's anti-interference philosophy, as Schlesinger insists they would be, why were their actions so consistent with Reagan's words?

Schlesinger uses the past as a credential, not a teacher. Because he knows a thing or two about times gone by, he feels competent to address any current issue, using the insights of the dead to support his cause. *The Cycles of American History* dashes from topic to topic. A brief passage summarizes the history of American human-rights campaigns, arguing for the need to lead by example, not interventionism. Sixty pages trace the rise and fall of presidential authority. Less than twenty pages take care of the idea of morality in conducting foreign policy. An evaluation of twentieth-century Presidents takes forty-odd pages; a history of American political parties, around twenty.

Vast subjects can be condensed to short passages because Schlesinger relies almost entirely on secondary sources, and because he remolds history to fit the structure of his partisanship. What doesn't fit gets lopped off. Even when you agree with him—he spends a good deal of time, for example, refuting the bizarre revisionist notion that the U.S. deserves all the blame for the cold war—you get the uneasy feeling that he is trampling on events for the sake of the point.

Most of these essays are too superficial for the history buff and too dull for anyone else. Or, worse, they make the reader uncomfortable, in the same way some religious men do when they enter the political sphere. Like religion, history obviously instructs our political choices. But when religion or history gets reshaped for the sake of politics, something very demeaning is going on.

Two chapters in this collection are interesting: one called "The Theory of America, Experiment or Destiny," and another, the title chapter in the book, which argues that American political movements follow roughly thirty-year cycles—15 years of public energy and reform followed by 15 years of selfishness and retrenchment. That idea is an old one (Arthur Schlesinger Sr. argued for it) and a sexy one, with its aroma of a perfect bettor's system that will

David Brooks is film critic for the Washington Times.

Thomas Fleming is the editor of Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture.

John Lukacs is the author of Outgrowing Democracy: A History of the United States in the Twentieth Century *and other books. His* Historical Consciousness *was reprinted in a new edition last year by Schocken.*

Jeffrey Meyers has written a life of Hemingway and the forthcoming Manic Powers: Robert Lowell and His Circle.

David M. Rooney teaches at Hofstra University.

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let you play the political ponies and win. Unfortunately, it allows Schlesinger to indulge all his weaknesses. His 26-page summary of all of American history allows him to divide political eras neatly between the good guys and the bad guys (and explain why voters occasionally elect a wrong 'un). But, in detail, these "cycles" obscure more than they reveal. A conservative era may have more in common with its contemporary liberalism than it does with the conservative wave that preceded it by half a century. Schlesinger's schema forces him into the odd assertions that President Reagan is both a supporter of tariffs and an isolationist when it comes to foreign policy.

If there are cycles in history, then presumably the historian should try to rise above them, so that he can see the past fully. Instead, Arthur Schlesinger binds himself more and more tightly to his progressive cause, and, as this book demonstrates, that obscures his view. Late in the book, he cites Oscar Wilde: "The duty we owe history is to rewrite it." That was meant as a witticism, as a statement about men's failures in the face of accuracy and honesty. Schlesinger seems to take it as a maxim. □

IMMISCIBLE SYNTHESIS

David M. Rooney

Religion and Nationalism in Soviet and East European Politics, edited by Pedro Ramet (Duke, 282 pp., $35)

ACCORDING TO Marxist doctrine, nationalism is one of the ideological props of bourgeois society, a barrier to the unification of the working class worldwide. As scientific materialism liberates more captive peoples from the capitalist yoke, the distinctions between nations are supposed to dissolve automatically. However, it ought to come as no surprise that this theory, like other dogmas of Marxism, has been refashioned for purely utilitarian purposes by the overlords of the Soviet Union and Central and Eastern Europe. Indeed, as the present volume of essays convincingly argues, nationalism has been effectively co-opted to provide the needed popular justification for many of these regimes.

Another basic premise of Marxism is that religion too is merely an appendage of the class-ridden society, and that the destruction of the old economic order will hasten its inevitable disappearance. The stubborn resistance to obsolescence demonstrated in particular by the Roman Catholic Church and by Islam, and to a lesser extent by the Orthodox churches, has somewhat modified that tenet, as well. The churches' disappearance is no longer assumed to be inevitable: For seventy years in the Soviet Union and forty years in its satellites, a tremendous amount of governmental energy has been devoted to attempting to force their liquidation.

The vitality of religion has been especially apparent in those conquered lands where the national consciousness has also been kept alive. Poland offers perhaps the best-known example of the mutual aid the two forces provide each other. The architect of that alliance was, of course, Cardinal Wyszynski, whose fostering of distinctly Polish cultural and ecclesiastical initiatives (even to the point of defying Rome on a number of administrative measures) was well calculated to prevent the total submergence of his country by its historic enemy to the East.

Less well known is the courageous fight against Russification being waged by Lithuania, a country that (like Poland) is distinctly Western in outlook. The chapter by Kestutis Girnius notes the alliance of Lithuanian nationalists and Roman Catholic clergymen in defense of their homeland, though the two groups are not entirely interchangeable. The Church in Lithuania is involved in the clandestine production of the longest continuously published samizdat journal in the Soviet empire, the *Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Lithuania*, which catalogues the relentless persecution of believers. In addition to specifically religious harassment, the Communist regime forces the Russian language on students, a highly fantasized Soviet history has replaced the study of Lithuanian history, and efforts have been made to dilute the ethnic homogeneity of the people by settling Russians there. An earlier relocation program, carried on from 1945 to 1950, involved the forcible deportation of 320,000 Lithuanians to Siberia. As the *Chronicle* puts it:

> By fighting religion in Lithuania, the atheists attempt to break the spirit of the Lithuanian nation, to deprive it of its spiritual values, to enslave the Lithuanian's personality, and to denationalize the believing people. When Lithuanians will become atheists, start entering into mixed marriages, disparage their own Christian culture, then conditions will be achieved for them to submerge in a homogeneous mass of people who adopt Lenin's native language.

Equally violent has been the oppression in the Ukraine. The four-million-member Uniate Church (those Eastern-rite Catholics in communion with Rome since the Union of Brest in 1596) was forcibly merged with the Ukrainian Orthodox Church in 1946, the latter having earned the trust of the Soviet regime for its supine acceptance of domination by the lapdog Russian Orthodox hierarchy. An autocephalous Ukrainian Orthodox Church (independent of Moscow) suffers the same absolute ban as the Uniates for representing, according to a Soviet apologist, "a synthesis of clericalism and Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism."

Of course, the Russian Orthodox Church itself harbors many genuinely religious movements beneath its passive exterior. Dimitry Pospielovsky surveys them in an essay that centers on the neo-Slavophile trend in the Church. Rooted deeply in the Russian soil, its authentic believer, in addition to "rejecting Marxism out of an existential experience of its application, often also rejects liberalism, treating Marxism as a branch of the tree of liberalism, with its materialism, relativism, utilitarianism, and religion of progress." The most appealing of the various movements is the distinctly anti-Messianic one represented by Solzhenitsyn, whose renewed Russia would be smaller, more humble, and respectful of national minorities—in other words, radically different from the Russia of Gorbachev *and* of the Czars.

Surveys of the other Communist regimes reveal variations on the theme of repression of the dangerous religious groups and co-opting of the more malleable ones. Yugoslavia, for instance, being an amalgam of half a dozen nationalities and three major religions (Roman Catholic, Serbian Orthodox, and Muslim), has had great difficulty

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST OCTOBER TITLES: *Hard Right: The Rise of Jesse Helms* (Norton, $18.95) is a well-researched biography by the chief of the *Baltimore Sun*'s Washington bureau, Ernest B. Furgurson.

In *Impact: How the Press Affects Federal Policymaking* (Norton, $19.95), Martin Linsky argues that, while government officials continue to manipulate the press to their own ends, the influence flows as often as not, these days, in the opposite direction. (President Jimmy Carter had never heard of the neutron bomb until he read a *Washington Post* story describing its production, at which moment he made the decision to jettison the weapon.)

These American Lands: Parks, Wilderness, and the Public Lands (Holt, Rinehart, $22.95), by Dyan Zaslowsky and the Wilderness Society, is an interesting and informative guide to the U.S. public-lands system, at once a review and a critique of their history, management, and policy.

In *The Uses of Literature: Essays* (Harcourt Brace, $17.95), the novelist and short-story writer Italo Calvino discusses myth, Fourier, the classics, cinema, and Saul Steinberg, among other subjects.

Future and Futurism (Abbeville, $85), by Pontus Hulten, is the catalogue of a major Futurist exhibition held in Venice, and includes hundreds of color plates, essays, and an illustrated two-hundred-page dictionary to the socially and politically conscious art movement that arose in Italy concurrently with the Cubist movement in France.

In *Golf Courses of the PGA Tour* (Abrams, $37.50), George Peper, editor of *Golf* magazine, tells you everything you need (or would want) to know about the 42 courses—from the Tournament Players Club of Connecticut to Waialae in Hawaii—on which the PGA tourneys have been played, as well as offering 266 photographs.

☐ COMING IN NOVEMBER: In *Frederick the Great: The Magnificent Enigma* (Ticknor & Fields, $24.95), Robert B. Asprey gives us an excellently researched and highly fascinating portrait of the soldier and man of letters who fought throughout his lifetime (1712-86) to protect Prussia from interference by surrounding European states.

—CW

achieving an atheist society, despite the best efforts of Tito in massacring both Croatian and Serbian priests in the 1940s. Since then, a grudging accommodation has been worked out with the Catholic Croats, largely because they have had strong leadership: Cardinal Kuharic is an able successor to the Zagreb see once held by Aloysius Stepinac. Interestingly, the Serbian Orthodox Church, which was much more obsequious to the Communist regime from 1944 onward, has suffered a fair amount of harassment in recent years.

A perhaps not too surprising conclusion to be drawn from these informative essays—gathered from a 1982 conference by one of the participants, Pedro Ramet, an expert on Yugoslavia—is that the most effective roadblock to total Russian hegemony in Central and Eastern Europe is the Catholic Church. Its center of authority in Rome gives it an international character (making it inherently subversive) and guarantees that its local branches will refuse to accept the status of a tamed domestic church. Next in rank as a subversive religion is Islam, because of the ethnic ties between Soviet Asian Muslims and Iranians, Turks, and Afghans. The Communist regimes' efforts to secularize their forty million Muslims have not met with great success, although the lack of a central leadership in the Muslim community somewhat weakens Pan-Islamic unity.

And finally, there are the national churches: the Russian, Bulgarian, Rumanian, Serbian, and Macedonian Orthodox communities. They too are ultimately immiscible with Communism, but they are tolerated as useful propaganda tools at world church gatherings, and as adjuncts to the nationalist aspirations of dictators such as Tito, Ceausescu, and Zhivkov. ☐

THE HIVE AT PRAYER

Joseph Sobran

John Paul II and the Battle for Vatican II, by Richard Cowden-Guido (Trinity Communications, 448 pp., $14.95 cloth; $9.95 paper)

SUBTITLED "Report from the Synod," Richard Cowden-Guido's *John Paul II and the Battle for Vatican II* is a well-nigh indispensable book for anyone who wonders what's been going on in the Catholic Church lately. It names names and quotes quotes. Its main flaws are a disposition to make sweeping assertions and a disinclination to footnote. But most of the sweeping assertions are true, and the book's infectious energy is sustained for all its four-hundred-odd pages.

As Cowden-Guido sees it, the Catholic Church is suffering from a serious epidemic of "neo-Arianism" and "Modernism," compounded with "historicism." It takes a while to be sure what he means, but the reader quickly gathers that a good many nominal Catholics, some of them theologians and even bishops, no longer believe in the most fundamental Christian doctrines.

If you only read about it in the newspapers, you might gather that the ferment in Catholicism centers around secondary and tertiary matters—birth control and the extent of papal authority, for example. The truth is that it goes much deeper. In a 1984 review of a book by the Swiss theologian Hans Küng in *The New York Review of Books*, Thomas Sheehan wrote approvingly: "The dismantling of traditional Roman Catholic theology is by now a *fait accompli*." He went on: "In Roman Catholic seminaries, it is now common teaching that Jesus of Nazareth did not assert any of the Divine or Messianic claims the Gospels attribute to Him, and that He died without believing He was Christ or the Son of God, not to mention the founder of a new religion."

Writing as he was for a secular audience, Sheehan was letting his hair down: The Modernist theologians he was talking about tend to be, he noted, "circumspect about what they say outside professional journals." Cowden-Guido observes that Sheehan confirms the charges of St. Pius X's 1907 anti-

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Modernist encyclical *Pascendi Dominici Gregis*, which complained that Modernist theology had smuggled unbelief into the Church. Sheehan's article embarrassed the very people he was praising —but, as Cowden-Guido notes, none of the replies it elicited from liberal Catholics really disputed the facts he asserted.

But unbelief is only part of the problem of the American Church. There is also belief—in everything from radical politics to witchcraft. Furthermore, the American bishops, by and large, have chosen to ignore the riot of heterodoxy, and some of them have actually done their part to promote it. This has forced the Vatican to intervene, with the American media supporting the bishops and the dissidents against the bad guys in Rome.

The Modernists and the "moderates" who shield them do their mischief under the banner of Vatican II, the "spirit" of which they cite without regard for its actual letter (much as political liberals invoke the Constitution as a "living document" whose text needn't be taken too literally). One result has been to make conservative Catholics suspicious of Vatican II—a fact that Cowden-Guido deplores. The Pope deplores it too. Hence last year's Extraordinary Synod, the purpose of which was to clarify and reaffirm the Council's continuity with Catholic tradition —and, by implication, to rebuke the polemical use of the Council as a charter for a break with the past.

The Synod did make it clear that Vatican II had reinforced, not repealed, Catholic orthodoxy. It was a disappointment to liberals, and it got little attention in the media here, which resonate only to stories of "progress." Whether the Modernist crisis can be resolved without open schism remains to be seen. Only a few weeks ago, Archbishop Rembert Weakland of Milwaukee implicitly attacked the Vatican for the disciplinary measures it has taken against Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen of Seattle and the liberal theologian Charles Curran.

The story is richly dramatic, and there could hardly be a more fascinating cast of characters: John Paul II; Cardinals Joseph Ratzinger, John O'Connor, Joseph Bernardin; Archbishops Weakland, Hunthausen, Peter Gerety; dissidents Curran, Küng, Rosemary Ruether, Richard McBrien, Andrew Greeley, Mario Cuomo. Cowden-Guido recounts in detail battles over dogma, catechism, liturgy, sex education, abortion, homosexuality, and the independence of Catholic colleges and universities.

Given the considerable shock-value of the story, it's remarkable that it hasn't been told comprehensively before. But the liberals prefer discretion, and the orthodox Catholic press is reluctant to criticize the bishops, with the exception of *The Wanderer*, where Cowden-Guido originally addressed many of the subjects covered in this book. He has now brought in-

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to the open what orthodox Catholics have been saying privately for years. That is why it is regrettable that his documentation isn't more systematic.

Nevertheless, he has the goods on the Modernist forces, and he has brought together, from an orthodox perspective, the full story of current Catholic ferment. He tells it with unflagging vigor—the vigor of a mind that insists on defining issues that others want to call "complex" when they mean they'd rather keep them murky. That kind of mind is as badly needed as this book. □

SPECTRAL VISION

Jeffrey Meyers

VN: The Life and Art of Vladimir Nabokov, by Andrew Field (Crown, 417 pp., $19.95)

IN THE 1950s my friends at Cornell raved about an idiosyncratic teacher, with a strange Russian name, who lectured on the European novel. One of his students once approached the podium at the end of a lecture and begged: "Do it again!" During World War II the aristocratic White Russian once attracted an audience of nine hundred when a Minnesota newspaper fancifully described him as a "celebrated Soviet writer and a personal friend of Josef Stalin."

Nabokov was born (like Borges, Hart Crane, and Hemingway) in 1899. His father was a leader of the right-wing Kadet Party, a member of the first Duma, minister of justice in the last provisional government, and editor of the main émigré newspaper in Berlin. Nabokov's wealthy parents adored him and each other, and he grew up in a trilingual paradise of tutors and governesses, trips to Biarritz, and butterfly hunting near their old-fashioned country house. He was driven in a Rolls-Royce to the most advanced and expensive school in Russia, and inherited millions from a pedophile uncle who ardently fondled him in public. His first poems appeared when he was 17. The family fled to Yalta after the Bolshevik Revolution, and went into exile in 1919. The loss of Russia was the worst tragedy of his life, but he maintained a defiant optimism in his works.

Andrew Field has written three previous books on Nabokov and conducted extensive interviews with his elusive subject. Field's chronicle of Nabokov's ancestors is confusing; but he illuminates the relation of the fascinating life and works, provides sound readings of the novels, and convincingly argues that *Ada* is Nabokov's most overrated book. Field discusses the themes of illusion, narcissism, doubles, incest, and homosexuality, as well as the characteristic games, puns, and parodies. Nabokov wrote a perceptive book on Gogol and shared his master's "solemn deviousness, his spectral vision in art, and the peculiar intensity of his comedy."

From 1919 to 1940 Nabokov lived in England, Germany, and France; maintained a precarious existence as a teacher of English and tennis; and began his career as a Russian writer. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1919, to study French and Russian, attended lectures, took verbatim notes, and passed the exams in 1922 without ever entering the library.

After graduation he joined the émigré colony of 200,000 souls in Berlin and survived a period of wild inflation by demanding payment in hard currency. In 1922 his father was assassinated at a public meeting, by a Russian monarchist who was attempting to shoot another émigré political figure. The following year, Nabokov's engagement was suddenly terminated when he asked his fiancée for a "strange kind of kiss." He married his Jewish wife, Vera, in 1925 and remained in Nazi Germany until 1937, when they finally moved to Paris. "We were always sluggish," he explained. "Gracefully sluggish in the case of my wife, terribly sluggish in my case. We get accustomed to a place, and we just stay." He publicly expressed his devotion to his wife, but had a number of serious love affairs.

In 1940 Nabokov agreed to replace a Russian lecturer at Stanford and began his academic career in America. He was—with Wells, Koestler, and Huxley—one of the few novelists with scientific training, and continued his entomological research on field trips to the West and at museums in New York and Boston.

Nabokov taught from 1941 to 1948 at Wellesley—which provided the first comfort and security of his adult life—and from 1948 to 1959 at Cornell, where he never attended a faculty meeting. In America, he began writing in English. Edmund Wilson, who admired Nabokov's Russian novels and became his closest friend, helped establish his reputation by introducing his work to editors and publishers, and by recommending him for a Guggenheim grant. Nabokov did not—perhaps could not—help Wilson; and they later quarreled bitterly about Nabokov's masterly translation of Pushkin's poem *Eugene Onegin*.

Nabokov achieved fame and wealth when *Lolita*, rejected by five American publishers, was brought out by the Olympia Press in Paris and eventually became a sensational best-seller. The English publisher lost his seat in Parliament; Adolf Eichmann (in an Israeli prison) found the book offensive; and the half-million dollars in royalties allowed Nabokov to move in 1959 to a suite in the Montreux Palace Hotel. He drank heavily at the end of his life and died in Switzerland (like Joyce and Mann, Erich Remarque and Irwin Shaw) in 1977. Though Nabokov professed intense dislike of Dostoyevsky, Freud, and Lawrence, he was strongly influenced by their work. A brilliant follower of Joyce and a highly original stylist, the Russian master left three American masterpieces: *Lolita*, *Pnin*, and *Pale Fire*. □

FICTION

FREE ADAPTATIONS

Thomas Fleming

Poison Pen: or, Live Now and Pay Later, by George Garrett (Stuart Wright, 258 pp., $20)

GEORGE GARRETT continues to be the most surprising writer in America. As a wild young man, he failed to hit it off with his distinguished fellow Southerners who made up the Agrarian movement. Recently, however, he has emerged as one of the chief defenders of the Agrarian tradition (see for example his contribution to *Why the South Will Survive*). He walked away from the PhD program at Prince-

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ton after completing all the requirements but the dissertation; however, the profound scholarship displayed in his two justly celebrated historical novels, *Death of the Fox* and *The Succession*, recently moved Princeton to award him the degree.

The wild young man still raises Cain in his short fiction, but, as Fred Chappell has pointed out, Garrett's sympathies seem increasingly more conservative than those of more genteel Southern writers, although his reputation is not particularly high among either Southerners or conservatives. It is among other writers and serious critics that he has been best appreciated, up to now. After *Poison Pen*, he'll be lucky if he can get his books published in samizdat.

Despite Garrett's prediction that his grave will be called the tomb of the unknown writer, he has attracted a following of devoted readers. However, few of them were prepared for *Poison Pen*, which is nothing short of the most powerful satire on American life and letters, not just since Mencken or Twain, but *ever*. The only writer who combines the same loftiness of purpose with anything like this vulgarity of speech is Aristophanes. Rabelais doesn't come close.

On the surface, *Poison Pen* is a series of letters to celebrities concocted by a coke-befuddled redneck English professor named John Towne. If Towne could ever clear his head long enough to write a résumé, he would list himself as the author of *Live Now, Pay Later*, a novel he "freely adapted" from a colleague's unpublished manuscript, and as the scriptwriter of *Mondo Teeny Boppo*. His last job, before going to Nameless College, had him giving advice to the sex-obsessed under the name Doctor Wisdom. In addition to his other vices (virtually all of the imaginable ones), Towne has a very unhealthy attitude toward celebrities, whom he both resents and adores (while critical of most big-name writers, Towne likes John Irving: "You gotta respect that kind of money and all that publicity. . . . The rest is irrelevant dreck").

Towne's "literary" pursuits are the crank letter writ large: A Mexican asks LBJ for a loan in partial repayment for the hundreds of times he and his father have voted for Lyndon; a good woman writes to Bo Derek after she finds Bo's *Playboy* layout in her son's room; a convict promises Truman Capote that he can enact a better mass murder than *In Cold Blood*. One writer offers a solution to Ted Kennedy's "so-called Chappaquiddick Problem": Just tell the critics, "Look, what if *I* had drowned and *she* was the one who had managed to escape? . . . Would people hold it against her and not elect her the first woman President of the U.S.A.?" And there is even a letter from one George Garrett to Gordon Lish, novelist and editor, who allegedly came up with the idea for his *Dear Mr. Capote* after hearing Garrett read some of his letters. The ever generous Garrett concludes with the offer "to use anything of mine you want to." The letters are always coarse, sometimes pathetic, and entirely hilarious. However, there is more.

Introducing and punctuating the spurious letters are a number of odds and ends: more than one account of the author, John Towne, who left the manuscript behind at Nameless College in partial repayment for the "loan" of a colleague's credit cards; correspondence with Towne's literary agent; the comments of the senior editor and proof-

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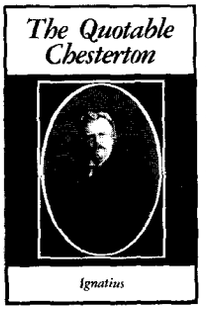

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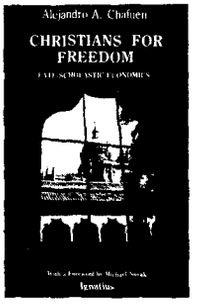

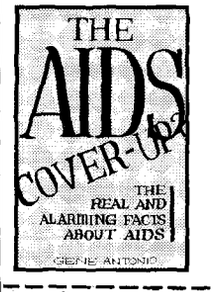

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readers at the publishing house, including the disclaimer of the real publisher, Stuart Wright. (It is easy to see why Garrett's usual publishers have not put their name on the book: It is guaranteed to offend everyone, regardless of race, creed, or alma mater.) In fitting the odd pieces together, Garrett displays the same craftsmanship that marks his recent tour de force, *The Succession*.

Throughout the book, the real author takes pains to distance himself from the infamous John Towne, while at the same time falling prey to Towne's stylistic tics and bad taste. At the very end, he gives up the fight and concludes the novel with a letter from George Garrett to Christie Brinkley. Speaking in his own voice, he lashes out at the debasement of the old American Republic. He is a great deal more civil than his redneck alter ego, but his criticisms are even more telling.

He explains to Christie that the "celebrities" with whom he fills his book are there to illustrate the sort of mentality that turned the 1968 Tet offensive from a military victory into a media defeat. Publicity, he ruefully concludes, "is all the truth we have left." His wife of 34 years tells him, however, that "public life is an illusion. Only private life is real and matters." That sentence is the nearest thing to a positive note in the whole book.

Garrett and his friend, the poet Brendan Galvin, have been publishing a tabloid of verse parodies for several years, *Poultry: A Magazine of Voice*. The contributors and subscribers (an almost co-extensive list) form a latter-day Scriblerus club. No one is sacred, not W. S. Merwin, not Mark Strand, not even Breadloaf (which appears as Meatloaf Mountain). They're a wicked bunch and are probably under surveillance.

An ordinary crank would have been content to collect his scattered squibs and gibes into a little anthology, but George Garrett is a serious writer of the highest caliber, and in *Poison Pen* he turns the literary sendup into high art, as Pope did in the *Dunciad*. The two books have more in common than might be imagined. Both are decked out with elaborate prefaces, notes, and comments that mock the paraphernalia of literary scholarship. Like Pope, Garrett is merciless on the pretensions of intellectual life (Norman Mailer is the "Mickey Rooney of post-modernist lit"), and like Pope, too, he combines a reactionary social vision with a relentless contempt for dullness. I have only two fears about this book: 1) that it will be buried, unnoticed, in the tomb of the unknown writer; or 2) that if it is noticed, the entire literary community will rise up and force Princeton to revoke Garrett's PhD. Pope's enemies were gentlemen, but they had him beaten up by bullies. God only knows what Norman Mailer and Gordon Lish will do. □

FILM

NEAT TRICK

John Simon

How long has it been since an American movie has garnered a harvest of laurels like the one being heaped on a piece of mindless junk called *Blue Velvet*? David Lynch's previous films were *Eraserhead*, a gross-out for cultists, and the inept and contemptible *Elephant Man* and *Dune*. True pornography, which does not pretend to be anything else, has at least that shred of honesty to recommend it; *Blue Velvet*, which pretends to be art, and is taken for it by most critics, has dishonesty and stupidity as well as grossness on its conscience.

That the film deals—without much explicitness but with maximal striving for sexual arousal—with sadomasochism, voyeurism, latent homosexuality, fetishism, and whatnot would be fine if the goal were insight rather than mere titillation or shock. And though it makes no sense on either the psychological or the narrative plane—is, indeed, the writer-director's wish-fulfillment fantasy—*Blue Velvet* pretends to comment on small-town American mores. Add to this Lynch's primitive dialogue, jokes that in most cases are not intentional but are pathetic either way, poor staging of individual scenes, and garish cinematography (extravagantly praised in the reviews), and you have the archetype of a film in which mindlessness, pretension, and ineptitude vie for supremacy. Lynch is a naïf from Montana who wants to be deep, but whose depth consists of drawing huge sexual organs on a Norman Rockwell painting, and of allowing his protagonist and alter ego, Jeffrey Beaumont, from Lumberton, Middle America, hidden sadistic urges. Big deal.

In the movie's much-admired beginning, we see blazing red roses and blatantly yellow tulips against a picket fence whiter than the driven snow and topped by a baby-blue sky. We see a friendly fireman on his truck, a crossing guard watching over babes in the street. Suddenly, Jeffrey's father, idyllically hosing his front lawn, has an accident with the hose and keels over; a dog cavorts in the water jet still spouting from the supine man's hands. This is chilling in its grotesquerie, but when the camera, to symbolize the horrors under the surface of Middle American life, burrows into the lawn to close in on a multitude of monstrous insects fighting to the death, the effect is phony. The shot is clearly of a terrarium, and the whole thing is clumsily derivative of the beginning of Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*.

Returning from a visit to his father in the hospital, Jeffrey walks through a field. (The topography of Lumberton makes as little sense as its sociology: Sometimes it is a tiny burg, sometimes a bustling town, and sometimes a deserted studio set.) Anyhow, in that field, Jeffrey finds a severed and moldy human ear with a hunk of hair attached to it (was the victim scalped?) and crawling with ants. The ear, it will turn out, belonged to Don, the husband of Dorothy Vallens, a tawdry chanteuse. Don and little Donnie Vallens were kidnapped (and dadnapped) by Frank—the local crime boss, murderer, drug dealer and addict, sadist, fetishist, and latent homosexual—as a means of coercing Dorothy into becoming his abjectly masochistic sexual slave. Needless to say, that is not how masochists of Dorothy's stripe (or stripes) are made; but, in any case, what in tarnation was an ear of man —not corn—doing in that field? If cut

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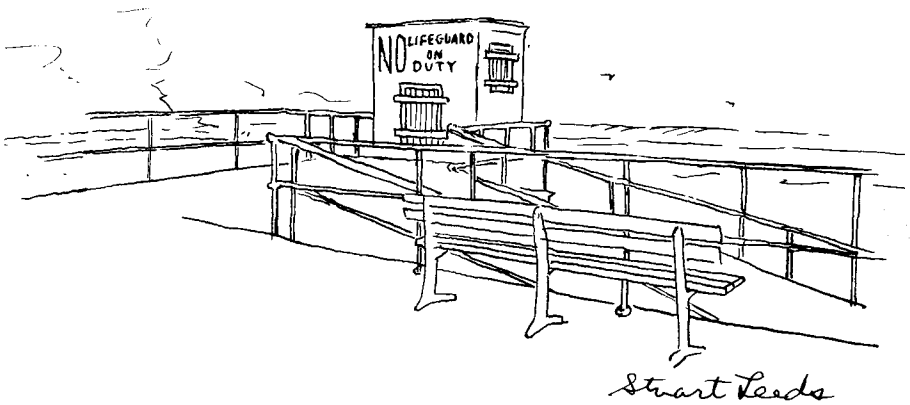
off in an act of al fresco sadism, it would not have been left there, lying conveniently next to a brown paper bag in which Jeffrey can deliver it to Detective Williams of the police. If it was meant to intimidate and subjugate Dorothy, she wouldn't just have tossed it away.

This sort of preposterousness rules the film. Out of sheer perverse curiosity, Jeffrey sneaks into Dorothy's apartment one night and gets caught up in a sadomasochistic maelstrom as, watching through the slats of the closet where he is hiding, he pantingly witnesses Frank's torturing of Dorothy. Later, Jeffrey, who has already been forced by Dorothy at knife point to make love to her, is gradually coaxed into beating her during intercourse. Nevertheless, when Dorothy performs at The Slow Club (humor!)—where, incidentally, her entire repertoire seems to consist of a mediocre rendition of "Blue Velvet"—her bared back and deep frontal décolletage show not a bruise on her milk-white skin. When, later on, Frank and his henchmen work Jeffrey over in a way that would put him right beside his dad in the hospital, he walks home, and soon sports only a token bruise or two. Isn't it in pornography that the victim's body recovers miraculously for ever renewed tortures?

And how many closets do you know with slatted doors affording the voyeur a full, salacious view? The whole thing is pure swinish hogwash, the fantasy made more self-indulgent by the casting of Kyle MacLachlan (similarly used in *Dune*) as the hero: Untalented and with a cartoonishly doll-like face, he has the one virtue of looking like a young David Lynch. When Jeffrey watches Dorothy from that convenient closet, she strips to her tiny black bra and scanties for comfort, but keeps her uncomfortably stiletto-heeled red shoes on, to satisfy Lynch's fantasy. After an obligatory nude shot, she puts on a semi-eponymous blue velveteen robe; it has a sash, one of whose ends will be stuffed into her mouth and the other chewed on by Frank while he has brutal sex with her. (Frank, incidentally, has a repertoire of self-contradictory perversions that would have stunned Krafft-Ebing.) But the most amazing bit is Dorothy's removing at one random moment, and promptly replacing, what proves to be a wig she wears throughout the picture. Is this yet another Lynch fantasy, or Isabella Rossellini's desire to display her own hair, vastly inferior though it is to the wig's?



Because Jeffrey must have a blond, apple-pie-American sweetheart as well as a dark, sick, European-accented one, there is Detective Williams's daughter, Sandy, played by the cigar-store-Indian-faced Laura Dern. Though supposedly in love with Mike, one of her school's football stars, Sandy quickly switches to Jeffrey, so our boy can simultaneously enjoy kinky sex and puppy love. He and Sandy go to a diner for a date, dance cheek-to-cheek and then mouth-to-mouth at a high-school party, and, all along, Sandy plays Nancy Drew to Jeffrey's Sherlock Jr.

In one of the film's many climaxes, Dorothy shows up naked on Jeffrey's doorstep circa midnight, although she is in a complete daze and has never been given Jeffrey's address. She has been mauled by Frank—her lingered-on body is an anthology of scars and bruises—but Mike, who with his pals has come to beat up Jeffrey for stealing his girl, sneers, "Is that your mother?" Then he apologizes, and considerately departs with the gang. The nude Dorothy throws her arms around Jeffrey's neck, calls him her secret lover, and explains: "He [Frank] has put his disease in me." The agonized Sandy kicks out Jeffrey, then phones to forgive him. So much for psychology.

I could go on listing the absurdities and fudgings of this film—it is never even made clear whether Detective Williams is, like his partner, in Frank's pay, or whether he is just the most incompetent cop this side of Mack Sennett—but let me skip to the ending. While Dorothy, a fresh widow completely cured of her masochism, is blissfully playing with her restored son, the newly married Jeffrey and Sandy, with their extended families, are about to sit down to Sandy's dinner. Before that, in an elaborate process shot, the camera had entered Jeffrey's ear, as it earlier did Don's. But lo, there is a worm in paradise. A patently mechanical robin prances on the window sill with a huge black beetle in his beak. "It's a weird world, isn't it?" says Sandy.

This takes us back to the scene in which, in a car parked before a church, Sandy tells Jeffrey one of her dreams: "The world was dark because there weren't any robins," but then, "thousands of robins were set free" and there was the "blinding light of love." Jeffrey, smitten with so much poetry, mutters, "You're a neat girl, Sandy." That, and the leitmotivic line, "It's a strange world, isn't it?" should give you an idea of the dialogue.

The cinematography by Frederick Elmes is all poster colors, and the acting, especially Isabella Rossellini's, amateurish. Dean Stockwell is persuasive as a creepy, homosexual sadist, and Dennis Hopper (as Frank), who obviously improvised his dialogue—mostly roared-out f-words in every conceivable permutation—is an all too credible homicidal maniac. Otherwise, the only believable thing about this film is that the elevator in Dorothy's apartment house, out of order at the beginning, remains so throughout.

But why do the critics, from sophisticated magazines to family newspapers, rave about this trash? Let me tell you a parable—and bear in mind Jeffrey's above-mentioned declaration of love to Sandy. A friend of mine saw a youth of Jeffrey's age flanked by two Sandys, all in expensively casual clothes, standing in the Metropolitan Museum before a Martyrdom of St. Peter, in which the Apostle's garb, so as not to interfere with his upside-down crucifixion, is gathered at the ankles and wrists. Exclaims the awed youth: "Oh, wow! That's neat!" □

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TRAVEL

APRES SKI

John Lukacs

"THE ECONOMIC and social structure of Switzerland," the great English philosopher Owen Barfield wrote, "is noticeably affected by its tourist industry, and that is due only in part to increased facilities of travel. It is due not less to the condition that . . . the *mountains* which twentieth-century man sees are not the mountains which eighteenth-century man saw." Yes: Two hundred years ago Switzerland was a very poor country; and while eighteenth-century men did many things that we can no longer do, eighteenth-century men did not ski. At that time men and women abhorred mountains. They had a particular dislike for the Matterhorn: Mont Cervin in French.

This horny monster seemed the most dramatic and threatening of the great Alpine peaks, second only in height to Mont Blanc, which is less spiky and easier to climb, and around which ran one of the roads toward Italy. The Matterhorn, on the other hand, was a deadening apparition at the dead-end of a narrow valley, where lay the nearly abandoned village of Zermatt, the last of the houses in a German-speaking enclave within the French-speaking canton of Valais. Going south, people in the eighteenth century used the Mont Cenis Pass or the Simplon or the St. Gothard or the Splügen, avoiding the Matterhorn country like the dickens—like Dickens himself, who was among the first to go through the St. Gothard toward sunny Italy by something like a stagecoach, 144 years ago. But by that time a change was coming. All kinds of people, Englishmen and Englishwomen foremost among them, decided that mountains were beautiful—and challenging. An Englishman, Edward Whymper, was the first man to scale the Matterhorn, in 1865. His name is remembered and venerated in Zermatt. Another generation later, the taste for, and practice of, skiing began.

And now, in 1986, I am among the millions of ski-tourists. Temporarily imprisoned in the cement caverns of JFK Airport in New York I see the floodlit red and white tail wing of the giant Swissair plane. A few hours later I find myself in an unnatural dawn, in a grey, cold Geneva. A bus takes us to the train, past the solid 1910 houses, shuttered on Sunday morning, with the bourgeois under their comforters, no doubt. Then the three hours on the train to Visp, speeding past the morning-quiet streets of the lake towns, after which comes the long valley of the Rhône. By the time I alight at Visp my feet are no longer airplane-swollen, and I am wide awake. Around me is a crowd of people, mostly Americans. The mountain train carries us to Zermatt, a journey of another hour and a half. In the station yard, a shallow sea of slush and snow stretches under our feet, while above our heads rises the unavoidable Matterhorn—unavoidable, because it stands above the valley of Zermatt, seen from almost every angle.

But the purpose of this article is not travel literature: These are the speculations of a historian about the phenomenon of mass tourism. Individual travel is—well, almost—a thing of the past. You are constrained to buy a package, which includes your plane fare, the train tickets, and a voucher for your hotel in Zermatt, with its meals. You may specify the hotel category, but you take what you can get. You may only travel on certain days of the week, and must contract for your stay for each definite six-day, seven-night slice. If you are single, your chances of getting a room with a bath are virtually nil, even in a four-star hotel: Yes, there is a good shower, but one of the pleasures of skiing is the prospect of a hot bathtub after a frozen afternoon, of which you are deprived. Yes, Zermatt is a nice village; but it has become townified, with perhaps fifty or more concrete hotel-cubes, although there are no tall buildings. Yes, except for the electric hotel jitneys and the private automobiles of the town doctors, no cars are allowed in its streets, and one occasionally hears the bells on the harnesses of the dray horses pulling the tourist sleighs; but three miles down the road is a gigantic car park with a thousand cars as if mired in a frozen lake.

And there are crowds. Crowds, all through the daylight hours, massing at the stations of the two main mountain rail lines, taking us up either to the Gornergrat or to the Sunnegga. That Sunnegga Express is something: a tunnel bored through a mountain so that

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you arrive at the top plateau in a few minutes—that is, you go skiing by subway. But before you crowd into the cabins of the train, you must march through a long subway tunnel whose glass doors electrically close and open every minute or so, plainly to control the crowds and—not so plainly—to control the mountain wind that may unexpectedly whoosh through that tunnel passage. Crowds on the plateau, crowds crowding the mountaintop restaurants—from a helicopter they must look like a bright patch of bumble cabbages amidst sheets of speckled snow. Crowds in the small streets of Zermatt; crowds in the shops. Crowds ascending and descending the slopes below the Matterhorn and the Klein Matterhorn, etc. Crowds forming lines before the counters of banks. What a motley, cosmopolitan conglomeration of crowds! At my elbow, to the right of my single table in the hotel dining room, a young, loud Australian is seated. (It took him 36 hours in the air to get here.) At my left, a mumbling Englishman. Germans and French and an American from Manhattan, Kansas, and others from Manhattan proper (or improper). Innocent Americans of an older type; and the newer type of know-it-all Americans. ("My husband is a CEO." "He bought my Rolex in Chamonix last year.")

But it doesn't matter, and not only

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

PERHAPS BECAUSE all other arguments concerning South Africa lead by one route or another to *Götterdämmerung*, Leon Louw and Frances Kendall's plan to transform an apocalyptic situation into the quietude of Switzerland has gone virtually unnoticed—at least in the U.S., where their eminently reasonable and original little book, *South Africa: The Solution* (Amagi Publications, P.O. Box 60, Bisho, Ciskei; P.O. Box 145, Strathavon, South Africa; U.S. distributor: The Summit, 935 Osage, P.O. Box 207, Manitou Springs, Colo. 80829; $11.95), has failed to win the attention it deserves, despite assiduous circulation by its American distributor. Whether intentionally or not, the new South Africa envisioned by critics of the National Party government is a phoenix, shriven by blood and fire, arising with wings spread from the white minority's ashes. By contrast, Mr. Louw and Miss Kendall's South Africa would be neither a Valhalla of black heroes nor a Marxist utopia: merely a devolution into the traditions of the South African past, regulated and preserved by a highly decentralized government of Swiss-style cantons reflective of the country's racial, cultural, and political diversity.

No doubt such a scheme is insufficiently bloody for the community of international zealots who want nothing more than to see the hated Botha and his Boers put to the sword; just as it is insufficiently "progressive" for the socialists, oversufficiently workable for international Communism, and at once too common-sensible and too ambiguous to win many friends in the U.S. Congress. Ultimately, however, none of these interests is currently in a position to dictate to the South African people, who still have time to ponder suggestions from responsible (and concerned) observers like the authors.

Briefly stated, their argument runs as follows: Present-day South Africa has evolved out of a tradition, not of apartheid and regulation, but of racial equality and free enterprise. By the late nineteenth century the black tribes, introduced by the white settlers to the skills and habits of agriculture, had proved themselves so adept at the business that they were excelling European farmers in the production and sale of agricultural commodities. It was owing to white resentment of this fact, in addition to the related shortage of cheap black labor for the great European mining ventures, that laws were passed (the primary villain being Lord Milner, who served as High Commissioner of British South Africa between 1902 and 1905) deliberately restricting black ownership of land to an acreage ludicrously incommensurate with agricultural self-sufficiency. It was out of these laws that the latter-day system of race separation and economic (mis)-management arose.

The Louws (they are husband and wife), who are in the business of making converts rather than enemies, are reluctant to name names and point fingers: Still, it takes no preternatural sophistication to recognize their underlying thesis, which is that the Mandelas, the Tutus, and their ilk are interested not in restoring freedom to South Africa but rather in extending unfreedom to everyone—black, white, colored, and Asiatic alike. In its attempts to ensure white economic hegemony, a succession of South African governments has achieved a socialistic society shackled by social and economic regulation in which the master class supports the slave to such an extent that only out of demagoguery or ignorance can one argue that the status quo favors the whites; yet this unfreedom is perceived as too much freedom by Tutu/Mandela, for whom racial equality through race war is but the first step to the South African People's Republic of the Mailed Fist.

Concluding that matters in South Africa have reached such an impasse of conflicting wills, such a froth of passions, the Louws observe that the only practical solution is one in which all (or most) parties win *something*. Okay, they argue: here we have a country (*our* country) remarkably heterogeneous in every way. Many of these heterogeneous elements are in disagreement with one another, in degrees ranging from the mild to the mortal. Some of these groups seek control over others; some wish merely to live apart and in peace. The Louws' ingenious solution is therefore that the Botha government should take steps to organize an association of cantons loosely regulated by a federal government of the Swiss style, each of these cantons improvised upon some appropriate regional, tribal, linguistic, economic, or political entity. There would be freedom of movement between cantons for all citizens, whose citizenship would be defined and guaranteed by the familiar Lockean precepts embodied in a federal Bill of Rights, which it would be the central government's chief duty to maintain. The Louws have included a fairly specific blueprint for their proposed government. Suffice it to suggest here that if Tutu/Mandela have a quarrel to pick with Montesquieu, Locke, and James Madison—to say nothing of peaceful, happy little Switzerland—maybe it is high time we all learned what it is. □

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because the mountain air is good, because the hotel food is still honest and hearty, and because around and over Zermatt there may be as many as ninety different ski runs, so that the slopes are never—well, almost never—crowded. It doesn't matter: because this writer, so thoroughly suffused with the understanding of the passing of the Modern Age and of the decline of the West, suddenly sees the elements of health, of hope; of the same kind of hope that the greatest historian and the greatest Swiss, Jakob Burckhardt, saw more than a century ago. His wise eyes pierced the iron gloom of the nineteenth century. The peoples of Europe, he said—and I shall add, of North America—"are not yet exhausted in a physical sense, and in a spiritual and moral sense one must always reckon with the existence of still invisible forces. Even now."

For the crowds in Zermatt are healthy crowds. Young, middle-aged, and old, they have torn a leaf or two from their busy calendars and left the metallic filth of the Augean stables of their cities to work and strain their limbs, up on the mountain, in the winter air. How few of their ancestors chose to do so in that progressive and secure and rich nineteenth century, in those times of gaslights and shadows, of fug and smoke! Our lives, at least here, are healthier. The accountant from Kansas, the lawyer from Australia, the librarian from New York, the optician from The Hague: Together we sway above the huge ridges of snow in the chairlift, red-cheeked, hungry, avid for the next run, aware of an indefinable *soupçon* of danger. There is nary a division between the Beautiful and the Common People here, unlike on golden beaches and superplanes, between the young golden-haired surfers and the other people panting on the beach. We are a Democracy of Skiers: at worst, some more equal than others. I loathe tours, and I am sure that I would loathe Club Med. But here in Zermatt mass tourism is not—perhaps is not yet—an unequivocal curse. In this democracy there is room for everyone.

And Zermatt is not chi-chi, like St. Moritz or Gstaad. Before dinner one does see a pride of young would-be lionesses, trailing and traipsing through the main street in their expensive après-ski fur coats. But après-ski—that silly phrase—in Zermatt seems to mean hearty dinners, very few drinks, and early to bed. After dinner the cold sharp mountain air calls for a walk; and the main street is nearly empty. The fifty hotels notwithstanding, the town has reverted to the sense of an older, smaller Swiss village. One hears little more than the sound of footsteps around a corner and the faint throbbing of music from a disco far away.

"Winter evening" is a beautiful combination of words in English; and a winter night is a beautiful thing. One's lungs as well as one's eyes are wide open for its spaciousness. A world of contrasts, winter and night: the cold air outside and the cozy steam-heat inside; the crystalline tingling on one's cheeks and the warm sensation in one's well-fed innards—all of this, I believe, inseparable, Descartes and Darwin and modern biology to the contrary, from our *knowledge* of it: from the understanding that those warm yellow lights of the faraway houses, some of them a single glimmer below some unseen glacier, enhance our pleasure of the very sense of nature. The Matterhorn is beautiful because it is no longer alone. It is not only that we have scaled it; we know it; and our presence has become part and parcel of it. That mountains are no longer horrid is not merely a consequence of changing fashions of life and of the subsequent technology. It is part and parcel of the evolution of our consciousness. We belong to a universe that, after everything is said, cannot be anything else but ours: Because we invented it, and we partake in it. And of things we do not and cannot know we cannot—and should not—speak. Après ski. □

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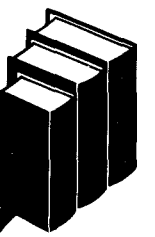

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CHILD ABUSE

D. Keith Mano

IT IS A tactic of the liberal mind not only to exploit children whenever possible but also to affect childish or childlike attitudes. Liberalism has claimed superior innocence for itself: an attribution that is, at best, ignorance and self-flattery; at worst, shameless fraud. No political movement depends more on opportunism and calculation —yet, in his childish avatar, a liberal will reject all expedience and pragmatism as being corrupt, materialistic, and cynical. Ambiguity, compromise, rationalization are presumed to be Machiavellian and over-complex. Having put on their child-guise, liberals demand also the special privilege of childhood. Spontaneity and high spirits are to be prized over prudence. Emotion over intellect. Natural experience over man-made experience. Child status, furthermore, entails exemption from any blame that might otherwise be incurred for erroneous choice. A liberal is not, in the normal sense, accountable: nor must anyone impute grown-up malice to him. He is not of age. And, as a juvenile offender, he should get a suspended sentence.

On September 16 the First Earth Run for Peace set out from UN Plaza. Mega-moments are as commonplace as house moss now: Live Aid, Band Aid, Yawn Across America, you name it. Virtue is being *promoted*. In this latest hyper-flatulence, a torch will be run through 86 countries to benefit UNICEF. CHILDREN NEED PEACE. Small may be beautiful for the liberal, but not in politics. In politics small is parochial, selfish, single-issue. No one, mind you, has any idea how a torch haul might goose peace along (it won't). As with the UN, mere universality and high mileage are considered beneficial in themselves. Yet peace has never been general: peace is the transient moment of balance brought about by many small, specific agreements between people. But that scenario would be too diffuse, too particular for liberal use. And it doesn't inspire a photogenic symbolism.

What every nation, tribe, precinct has in common is children. So, on that September morning, the UN might have been a giant youth hostel. Everything infantile or callow was deferred to. Torch fire had been lit at dawn (young time of day) by native Americans using holy (noncarcinogenic?) tobacco. The noble savage (oxymoronic as that phrase may be) is custodian of Mother Earth and healthful, human childishness. "Earth," you note, stands for a bright, original planet: in contrast to "world," that old, dishonest political place. And Third World nations also have the child privilege. A parent (some ex-imperial power) is blamed for whatever repressive or atrocious condition might exist in Shabazzaland. You wonder why any Third World nation-child would bother to develop—since development implies defilement. Liberalism, on this ground, has been strongly anti-progressive. And the UN is a kind of divorce court where mature nations are hit with extortionate moral and economic child support.

To sanctify this worldwide fire drill, American and Soviet children will perform *Peace Child*—a rock musical based on a book by Bernard Benson. *Peace Child* is all Triassic liberalism: it should be indicted for corrupting the morals and the intelligence of a minor. In preface, Benson, his voice broken with hectic enthusiasm, has said, "It didn't come from me, it came through me." As a laxative might, I guess. But examine the language of this senile preemie: "come from" would have suggested conscious effort, interfering intellect, and responsibility. Instead Benson represents the innocent channel "through" which scripture was extruded into nature. Art has to be as organic as solar wind.

Young Jennifer is the protagonist of *Peace Child*. If children are innocent and good, bet that female children will be even more innocent and good. "She sees a program," the narrator has explained, "about nuclear war. She has nightmares. It's a situation that we understand 70 per cent of American children suffer." Not *my* children. Then again, they weren't spooked for political gain by leftist parents.

Jennifer has a solo called "Fireball." Then this precocious one-worlder says, "Even though I've read everything I can and talked to people, no one has yet told us why they [the Russians] will attack us or why they are my enemy." It is not, be advised, that Jennifer hasn't read Solzhenitsyn. It is rather that children *should never have to deal with unpleasant truth* about human nature: under any circumstance, at any time. Russians shouldn't be bad. And so they aren't. The liberal child-mind exhibits a pathological, if convenient, alienation from reality.

Jennifer, as you might predict, will decide to visit Moscow. "Is there any sign of this attack that we fear from the Russians? There isn't." Jennifer falls in with some hip Soviet children and has a big international schmooze. Her grown-up chaperone is suspicious and forbids further contact. Adulthood, in the liberal canon, is a fallen state. As that tedious song had it, "We are the world, we are the children." Adults appeal for a return to previous grace. And only children can mediate. Jennifer, with her Soviet fellow kids, will write a peace play and perform it at the UN. "Have faith. With the power of love you can create peace all over the world." And a little child will bore them to death.

The truth is that children aren't essentially superior: they are puerile, callow, immature, and, yes, childish. The liberal strategy has been to confuse powerlessness and inexperience with moral worth. But childhood is not a condition that normal men aspire after: if innocent through lack of knowledge, children are also shallow, gullible, passionate, weak, and ignorant. It is the best human instinct, however fallible, to seek improvement and maturity. We grow up. The liberal, though, is stunted. He can never become adult, because, once of age, he would have to acknowledge, repudiate, and take responsibility for the Gulags that deform civilization. He has been suspended, inert and stubborn, by this time warp of his own shrewd manufacture: a half-creature both immature and powerful, and, by that unfortunate conjunction, a pernicious force in our culture. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

"And I Was There," by Admiral Edwin T. Layton, with Roger Pineau and John Costello (Morrow, 526 pp., $20)

ON DECEMBER 7, 1940, Lieutenant Commander Layton reported for duty at Pearl Harbor as Pacific Fleet intelligence officer. Five days before

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the first anniversary of his posting, he was kidded by Admiral Kimmel on his inability to give the whereabouts of the Japanese aircraft carriers: "You mean they could be coming around Diamond Head, and you wouldn't know it?" This unlucky admiral soon lost both his twinkle and his command, but he never blamed the intelligence officer, and Kimmel's replacement, Admiral Nimitz, wisely retained Layton for the duration of the Pacific campaign. The author understandably, then, had a large bone to pick with most official accounts and popular histories of the role radio intelligence played in that theater, and forty years later he set out to tell his own side of the story. A main point is that Pearl Harbor resulted neither from any laxness by the Hawaiian commanders, nor from an FDR conspiracy, nor from a snafu involving too much raw intelligence and mechanical breakdowns in communications from Washington; instead, Layton fingers the head of naval war plans in Washington, Admiral Richmond Turner, who usurped control of all naval intelligence and communications and then interfered with the decoding process, made his own erroneous evaluations of enemy intentions, and permitted very little Washington-gathered information to flow to fleet commanders who had an urgent need to know. When Turner left to command Pacific amphibious operations, two brothers, John and Joseph Redman, continued his attempt to concentrate all decrypting and analysis in Washington. Reticent to say anything until the declassification, in 1981, of many documents, Layton began writing his correction of the record in 1982, using extensive notes compiled from American and Japanese sources over the years. His story, completed by Pineau and Costello after his death in 1984, seems a likely one—although one cannot be more positive than that, because several cables and decoded messages important to Layton's case are (surprisingly) suspiciously missing from American archives and corroborative British files, and Soviet files (unsurprisingly) are still sealed. "In 1961 Turner died with his lies caught in his throat." Harsh words. But there are many men entombed in the *Arizona*'s hull, and high-level blundering in radio intelligence could have killed many more at Midway and elsewhere if Nimitz had disregarded his fleet intelligence unit and accepted what came to him from Washington. BERT CULVER

LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 26)

The party's elder statesmen, who kept previous Labour governments firmly within the structure of Western defense, have so far said nothing rather than rock the boat. When Denis Healey, a former defense secretary and the party's spokesman on foreign affairs, seemed for a moment to express some small doubt, he was greeted with cries of "Go back to America where you belong."

More unexpectedly, the Liberal Party conference also voted for unilateral nuclear disarmament, instead of the "minimum European deterrent" proposed by their Social Democratic partners. Opinion polls have since shown that most Liberal parliamentary candidates are unilateralists, and that most Labour members of Parliament, let alone those from further left who would be brought to Westminster by a Labour victory, want to go further than their leaders and would like to close America's conventional bases in Britain as well.

So the position now is that only the Conservative Party would continue the defense policy that has preserved the peace and freedom of Western Europe for the past forty years. Defense will certainly be a major issue in the coming election, and, since most people in Britain are not unilateralist or pacifist or anti-American, it ought to be conclusive; but it won't be. The result, at the moment, looks wide open. Everything is balanced on a razor's edge. □

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SLOUCHING TOWARDS REYKJAVIK–I

NEW YORK, OCT. 8

THE HAUNTING thesis of Jean-François Revel revisits us ever so regularly; sometimes almost unnoticeably, as when we permitted the Communists in East Germany to murder Major Arthur Nicholson, an officer of the United States Army doing his duty; sometimes melodramatically, as in *l'affaire* Daniloff. What Jean-François Revel said, in his book *How Democracies Perish*, was that the democratic free world can't hope to win up against the totalitarian monolith because they have marbles we simply do not have. If we had them, we would not be an open society, in which event, why would the fight be worth it in the first place? The Soviet Union had to win the Daniloff business, and did so.

Consider the mini-headline in *U.S.A. Today*, whose success is largely attributable to its absolute mastery of the American idiom. "In *U.S.A. Today*'s opinion, what's important is that Nicholas Daniloff has been freed, superpower tensions reduced. [See page 8a.]" Page 8a tells us exactly what we would expect to hear . . . Daniloff is free, isn't he, and wasn't that the point? . . . The great engines of nuclear reconciliation are relubricated and we are headed for a Summit conference, and isn't that the main point?

It is both easy and self-gratifying to lean back and say: Ronald Reagan should have called up Gorbachev and said to him, "Gorby, I'm going to turn off all the phones between the United States and the Soviet Union until the White House guard tells me that Nick Daniloff is at the gate, waiting to see me. We'll talk again after that happens. Meanwhile, any communication from you will be returned unopened."

There is such a nice feeling, just thinking about such a communication; but most Americans know that no President who behaved in that way would remain President for very long. Why? Simple: The enticements of world peace are worth more than the vindication of Nick Daniloff. There isn't very much point in denying this, because it is flat-out true. The residual frustration lies less in the knowledge that we are going to the bargaining table to deal with thugs for whom Nick Daniloffs are mere ciphers—we knew we would need to do this—than in knowing that there is no likelihood of a change in foreign policy so fundamental as to bring about a genuine change in Soviet behavior.

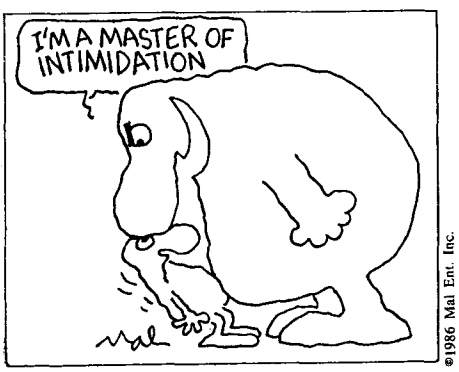
Because it is a fundamental change that we need if we are to proceed in an orderly way to consolidate a modus vivendi with the Soviet Union. But to do this requires sustained, unremitting, do-or-die pressures, not on the eve of Summit conferences, but on lazy afternoons in July, when nobody is thinking about anything very much except maybe Black Sea vacations and Disneyland. It is then, and the month after, and the month after that, that we need to hammer home our points. What are they?

—Well, you can't get away with killing an American soldier in the line of duty without an apology and compensation.

—No, you can't shoot down passenger planes without an apology and compensation and assurances that it won't happen again.

—No no no, you can't cheat on treaties. Abide by the promises given at Helsinki, or we declare that accord null and void, as also the accompanying recognition of territorial rights you laid claim to after World War II. No, you can't cheat on SALT II, which you have been doing, without automatically triggering the treaty's rescission. No no no no, you can't build that radar station in Siberia in defiance of the ABM Treaty without having the identical effect: automatic rescission at this end. And that goes for the chemical-warfare treaties you have violated in Afghanistan and in Cambodia: They are null and void.

—Your so-called diplomats in America? Those permitted into New York will be the bare minimum required under the UN Treaty, and we will be looking into the advisability of continuing to offer our hospitality to the UN in New York if you continue to use it as a center for subversion. And your facilities in Washington? You have six months in which to find different quarters, quarters that do not lend themselves to electronic penetration of the telephone traffic of a free society.



But America's peaceniks wouldn't permit all this.

So? Ronald Reagan has something very serious in mind that he thinks he can pull off at a Summit conference. The odds are heavily against any success, for the reasons spelled out by Mr. Revel: The Soviet Union can doublecross ad lib, and with impunity, while the free world feels the weight of scruple. Still, Mr. Reagan must be given the chance to try his grand design, and it was written in the skies that the detention of Nick Daniloff could not deny him that opportunity. □

SLOUCHING TOWARDS REYKJAVIK–II

NEW YORK, OCT. 10

Q: WHAT DO television and press commentators mean when they say that conservatives are especially concerned with what President Reagan has done? I mean, why especially "conservatives"?

A: Because conservatives are generally understood to be those who are more or less irreversibly skeptical about Soviet intentions.

Q: How does such skepticism bear on the events of the last week?

A: Well, it was conservatives who walked out with the impression that the Soviet Union was pushing Reagan around. He said there would be no swap, but, I mean, conservatives are from Missouri, and when 24 hours was all that separated Daniloff's release from Zakharov's release, conservatives think of that as a swap.

Q: But what do conservatives think were the motives of the Soviet Union in the first place? Granted, Daniloff wasn't a spy, and granted Gorbachev went out on a limb publicly rejecting Reagan's assurances that Daniloff wasn't a spy: Why are conservatives sore about what then happened?

A: Because it seemed plain that Gorba-

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chev wanted a quickie Summit meeting, and wanted to give the world the impression that he, not Reagan, was running the international chessboard. So—he arrested Daniloff and got away with it; he got his own spy back by giving up two political prisoners he had no right in the first place, under the Helsinki agreement, to have incarcerated; and then he (obviously) asked for and (obviously) got an okay to a quickie Summit in Iceland.

Q: Okay, okay, so the Soviet Union is running as it always has, so you don't get dyspeptic about evidence of yet more political patronage in Boston, Massachusetts; what is it about the Iceland Summit that makes conservatives sound as if Munich-Yalta-Potsdam were about to happen?

A: The *New York Times* summarized conservative concern pretty neatly in its rundown by Bernard Gwertzman on Sunday: "Mr. Reagan seemed aware of the perception in conservative circles that he had become a convert to détente."

Q: It may seem to you like a primitive question, but what is wrong with détente?

A: Détente presupposes that the Soviet Union's appetite to rule the world has diminished, and conservatives see no evidence of this, either in Soviet foreign policy or in Soviet strategic planning.

Q: Well, are you saying that conservatives have lost their confidence in their Evil Empire anti-Communist leader?

A: Yup. Many have. Now what's interesting is that some think that that withdrawal of confidence is premature—

Q: Why "premature"?

A: Because some conservatives have reason to believe that Reagan is moving in on the Soviet Union, taking special advantage of Soviet weaknesses it does not pay him publicly to advertise.

Q: What *are* you talking about?

A: Reagan may be calculating that there are forces moving within the Soviet Union that even Gorbachev can't control, and that these are crying out for relief from exorbitant demands by the military.

Q: Ho hum. We have been hearing about this for twenty years—

A: Yes, but what is different this time around is—SDI. The Strategic Defense Initiative, the Space Shield program, Star Wars, whatever you want to call it, sounded the death-knell—some people close to Reagan think—for the Soviet plan to overwhelm the West. So it may be that Reagan is approaching the Iceland Summit knowing that he really has the cards.

Q: How do you define "the cards"?

A: "The cards," in this situation, means simply this: that Reagan may be in a position to tell Gorbachev that Reagan knows that Gorbachev knows that our Space Shield technology is advancing at a rate that will make it impossible for the Soviet Union to threaten us more directly every month—a great difference from the relative increase in Soviet power over the past decade. He can show his four aces, and then dictate, with appropriate deference to Soviet "face," the terms of Soviet strategic retreat.

Q: Are you suggesting that we are looking forward to something that amounts to Soviet disarmament?

A: No. I am suggesting that Reagan thinks he has a shot at letting routine nuclear retrenchment occupy the public eye but that the important thing that will emerge from it all is a) full speed ahead for SDI, and b) the consolidation of U.S. political opinion in favor of SDI.

Q: Do you believe that?

A: Did you ever see a dream walking? □

WHAT NEXT IN SOUTH AFRICA?

NEW YORK, OCT. 13

THERE WERE a couple of nice touches in the final few days leading to the override of Mr. Reagan's veto. On Wednesday, the foreign minister of South Africa, no less, telephoned key senators and told them that South Africa might react against sanctions in any number of ways, including an interdiction of all commercial traffic into neighboring black states, notably Zimbabwe. Senator Richard Lugar, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the principal Republican enthusiast for sanctions, reacted explosively, denouncing South Africa for its attempt to meddle in American business. Howzzatagain? Yes: It was meddlesome of South Africa to attempt to persuade the United States not to intervene in South African business.

There are paradoxes everywhere you look. Paul Johnson, the British historian, reminded Bishop Trevor Huddleston of Great Britain, the leading spokesman in favor of sanctions, of what happened in respect of the arms industry. Fifteen years or so back, Mr. Johnson recalled, the United States passed a law prohibiting the sale of military equipment to South Africa, with the result that South Africa cranked up its own military factories. The American response, 15 years later, has been to prohibit any country to which we give assistance from purchasing military equipment from South Africa. Perhaps the only way we could ever generate enthusiasm for sanctions against the Soviet Union would be to pass a law prohibiting trade with any country that trades with South Africa.

And then, of course, there is everyone's favorite, of which the Rhodesian sanctions were the dress rehearsal. The brave free world, after imposing sanctions against Rhodesia, found itself buying chrome from the Soviet Union, at two or three times the price—chrome mined, in substantial effect, by Gulag miners: Thus had we got our moral house in order.

What is South Africa going to do? One dares to hope that the government will not really think it appropriate retaliation against the United States to choke off traffic to the neighboring black states. There are reasons to be angry with Robert Mugabe, but unless Zimbabwe becomes an armed camp for anti-South African terrorists, to close off the railroad to commerce would be to afflict a relatively innocent country. Nothing would please the South African government more than to deny the United States access to critical metals. But there is no critical shortage in sight that can't be satisfied by a little discreet trading with the Soviet Union, to which Senator Lugar is not likely to object. So then, how is South Africa likely to react?

We have almost guaranteed that the anti-apartheid movement within South Africa will now slow down. We have got to keep reminding ourselves that we live in an age in which kamikaze devotion to the state is quite common. The Afrikaners who have been inclined, under pressure of domestic commercial considerations, to encourage the liberalization of the racial laws will now be scorned as collusive agents of the West. If, in our time, we saw brave men by the tens of thousands fight and die for the cause of Japan's Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, and for Stalin and Hitler, then we shouldn't be surprised if brave men by the tens of thousands find themselves fighting to the death for the awful cause of apartheid. It was always the point of Ronald Reagan, and a few others, that the anti-apartheid cause is set back, rather than advanced, by aggressive sanctions against the government of South Africa.

SO THEN, what will Pretoria do? It would seem likely that the government will move on several fronts. The likeliest would seem to be the forced repatriation of blacks who have emigrated to South Africa from the neighboring states—Angola, Mozambique, Namibia, Botswana, Zimbabwe. Second, we should anticipate South Africa's acquisition of the ultimate weapon. It is not easy to imagine exactly where South Africa would drop an atomic bomb, but the mere existence of a nuclear artillery has a way of dulling the tone of foreign moralists. (If Hitler had got the Bomb in 1944, we'd have been introduced much earlier to the doctrine that there is simply no alternative to co-existence with Hitler.) And, finally, we can anticipate a great increase in violence by blacks, as unemployment increases and the sense of helplessness becomes more acute. If the objective of U.S. policy toward South Africa is to increase the likelihood of civil war, then we have just now acted with great statesmanship. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[JAMES] RESTON:

The Clumsy Soviets

The chances are that Daniloff will come home a more famous man, free to write even more about the Soviet system. The Russians didn't count on that either, having created precisely the atmosphere they were trying to avoid.

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TO STALWART *NR* PROPHETS seeking affordable detachment; erstwhile media-studies professor offers superior lodging in spectacular Rockies cowtown/ski center. For particulars: Owner E. L. Howe at P.O. Box 81, Silver Cliff, Colo. 81249 or Mgr. Peggy Rafferty at 303-783-2354 or 783-9243.

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. . . *AND GARNISH WITH MEMORIES*, conversational culinary history from 1930s boardinghouse. Warm, witty, entertaining anecdotes, three generations of life in Southern kitchens. Read as a novel or enjoy 600 family-tested recipes. Deluxe edition, 290 pp., spiral bound. A volume to be treasured in your own library and by those who receive it as a gift from you. $15.95, ppd. Patty Smithdeal Fulton, Box 427, Mountain Home, Tenn. 37684. ISBN: 0-932807-13-5.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

PROSE WRITER, 32, non-smoker, tall, slim, and fit, seeks woman college leaver of similar proportions, enjoying quiet dinner, the outdoors, with never-married man. Write NR Box 4378.

SEATTLE-AREA engineering professional and U.W. lecturer is Protestant, tall, and still a bachelor, has interests in books, words, singing, and exploration on wheels, wings, water, and walks. Has goals in Christian reconstruction, seeks fellowship with virtuous, versed, vivacious, venturesome, and tall lady acquainted with grace. Introduce yourself or perhaps a friend. "Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful." Write NR Box 4346.

PALM DESERT, CALIF. Gentleman golfer, 64, healthy, happy, of good humor, seeks new friends for coming winter season. Interests besides golf are lap swimming, languages, social bridge. Non-smoker, sober, solvent, and solo. Seeks educated, gracious lady WASP with similar background and interests. Write NR Box 4379.

EXILED CALIFORNIAN long stranded in Manhattan, returning for good to wine country next year, looking for pretty girl, 20s, who hates city living, loves reading, children, cultivating garden. Write NR Box 4380.

CHARTER-YACHT CAPTAIN/OWNER, 47, 6′1″, seeking trim, athletic woman with a love for sailing, nature, and a non-materialistic lifestyle. N.Y.–Va. area. Photo. Write NR Box 4360.

SOUTHEAST M.D., 31, handsome, athletic, in coastal Georgia, enjoys culture, music, and ocean adventures. Seeking attractive, educated woman, 22–35, in Southeast area to spend considerable free time with. Write NR Box 4374.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured single, widowed, or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970—3,000 members. Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039. 215-358-5049.

ART LOVERS' NETWORK connects single, art-loving gentlepersons. ALN, P.O. Box 5106-NR, Westport, Conn. 06881.

GULF COAST ARTIST, youthful 41, Episcopalian, conservative. Likes classical music, animals, sun and sea, Cajun and French cooking, Faulkner, Walker Percy, Carson McCullers. Seeks attractive lady, 20–40, caring, traditional values. Write NR Box 4369.

SINGLE NEW JERSEY LAWYER, 33, family values, wishes to meet Catholic lady, age 23–31, also never married. Interests include athletics, jogging, theater, politics. Write NR Box 4366.

ART LOVERS' EXCHANGE: Unattached fine-arts lovers get acquainted. Nationwide. Write ALX, P.O. Box 265, Bensalem, Pa. 19020.

Miscellaneous

FATHER JOSEPH CHEN, 78, and 100 other priests are still imprisoned in Mainland China. For information write: Free the Fathers, 1120 Applewood, Signal Mountain, Tenn. 37377.

THANKSGIVING TO ST. JUDE for favor granted. Publication promised. Gratitude!

INVENTIONS, IDEAS, TECHNOLOGY wanted. Presentation to industry/national exposition. Call free 800-528-6050. Canada, 800-528-6060, ext. 831.

HOLY SPIRIT, YOU who solve all problems, light all roads so that I can attain my goal. You who give me the divine gift to forgive and forget all evil against me; in all instances of my life You are with me. I want, in this short prayer, to thank You for all things as You confirm once again that I never want to be separated from You. In spite of all material illusion, I wish to be with You in eternal glory. Thank You for Your mercy toward me and mine. Prayer should be said for three consecutive days. Prayer should be published immediately after favor is granted without mentioning favor. Print only your initials at the bottom. C.M.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $20 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, 3A, New York, N.Y. 10016.

NEW YORK BABY-SAVING CENTER needs pro-life counselors and volunteers. Expectant moms and their unborn infants depend on us. Send brief bio to NR Box 4224.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC FORUM is an organization sponsoring lectures, discussion groups, short courses, spiritual talks, etc. for young Catholic adults in NYC area. For information call 718-468-2815 or write NYCF, 86 Riverside Drive, Dept. A, New York, N.Y. 10024.

AFGHANISTAN—Since 1980 the Afghanistan Relief Committee has been sending medical aid, food, and support for schools to villagers *inside* Afghanistan. ARC is the primary U.S. support source for *Médecins sans Frontières* and others who risk their lives to bring in help. For more information, write to: Afghanistan Relief Committee, Suite 4100, 345 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10154.

NEW CHURCH BEGINNING. North Tampa, Florida. Pastor reads *NR*. Inquire 813-949-8523.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Street in London's financial center — 130 86 97 35 13 57 106

B. Member of an Irish secret society — 155 95 138 7 23 47 78 149 31

C. Robin Hood's turf (2 words) — 137 167 157 120 131 114 14 4 34 87 / 18 61 152 69 44 24 146

D. Thomas ____, British essayist (1785-1859) — 101 59 73 156 147 51 11 119 33

E. Third-century poet and hero of Gaelic legend — 79 42 128 115 159 17

F. Clerk to Ralph Nickleby in *Nicholas Nickleby* — 158 56 8 71 144

G. Katharine Worsley's title (3 words) — 20 83 124 39 58 117 77 162 1 12 / 102 48 29

H. Britain, poetically speaking — 164 140 118 92 30 108

I. Ancient Celtic tribe that rebelled against the Romans in A.D. 61 — 145 52 94 127 25

J. Members of a certain British political party — 112 15 154 36 74 99 65 5 129 54

K. Last name in Irish poetry (1865-1939) — 110 122 169 85 46

L. Hellenore's husband in the *Faerie Queene* — 166 40 139 9 107 63 93 28

M. In Britain, it's a garret — 153 121 38 113 82

N. County in northwest Scotland — 16 163 66 104 45 27 81 148 96

O. Former London "street people" with illuminating jobs! — 150 10 55 103 32 2 133 43 64 100 / 21 171

P. Emulate Kim Philby — 76 50 90 62 116 160

Q. Hoods, British style — 123 37 91 60 161 75 132 88

R. Daughter of a Saxon thane in *Ivanhoe* — 70 170 143 6 109 134

S. Port city in southwest England — 3 165 98 126 111 53 26 19 67 80

T. Royal house of England — 141 136 105 68 84 125 41

U. Ninny, British style — 142 72 151

V. Tidal current (British dialect) — 168 89 22 135 49

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 G	2 O	3 S	4 C	5 J	6 R	7 B	8 F		9 L	10 O	11 D	12 G		13 A	14 C
15 J	16 N	17 E	18 C	19 S		20 G	21 O	22 V	23 B	24 C		25 I	26 S		27 N
28 L	29 G		30 H	31 B	32 O	33 D		34 C	35 A	36 J	37 Q	38 M		39 G	40 L
41 T	42 E	43 O	44 C	45 N		46 K	47 B	48 G	49 V	50 P	51 D	52 I	53 S	54 J	
55 O	56 F	57 A	58 G		59 D	60 Q	61 C	62 P	63 L	64 O	65 J	66 N	67 S		68 T
69 C	70 R	71 F		72 U	73 D	74 J	75 Q	76 P	77 G		78 B	79 E	80 S	81 N	
82 M	83 G	84 T	85 K	86 A	87 C	88 Q		89 V	90 P	91 Q	92 H	93 L	94 I	95 B	96 N
	97 A	98 S	99 J	100O		101D	102G	103O	104N	105T	106A	107L	108H	109R	110K
	111S	112J	113M	114C	115E	116P	117G		118H	119D	120C	121M	122K	123Q	
124G	125T	126S	127I	128E	129J	130A	131C	132Q	133O		134R	135V		136T	137C
	138B	139L	140H		141T	142U	143R	144F		145I	146C		147D	148N	
149B	150O	151U	152C		153M	154J	155B	156D	157C		158F	159E	160P	161Q	162G
163N	164H	165S		166L	167C	168V	169K	170R	171O						

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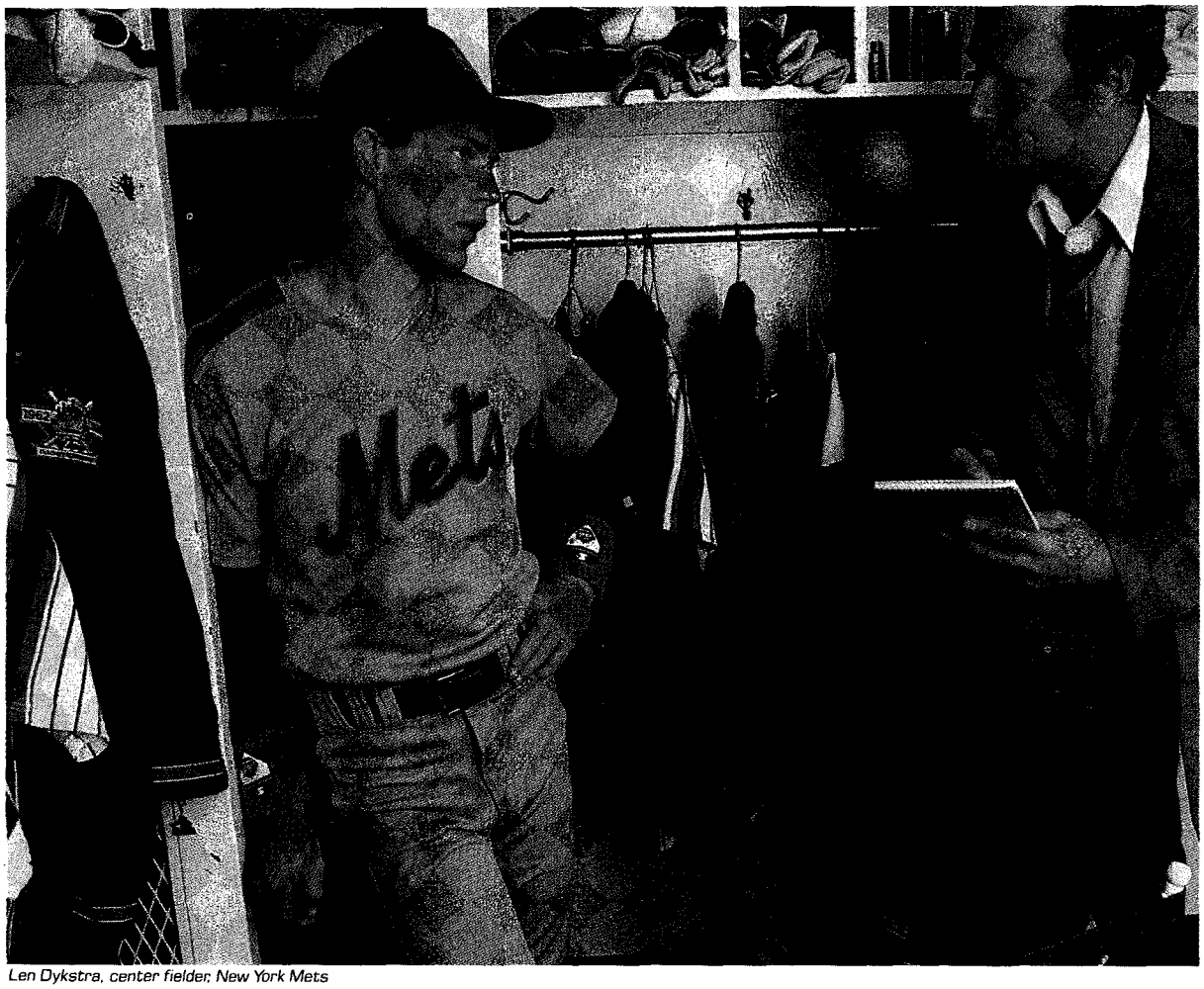
THE ART OF SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE



Len Dykstra, center fielder, New York Mets

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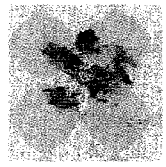

Visa fabric before washing
Shows grass and dirt stains

Visa fabric after washing
Stains have been completely released

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